THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ON ARRAN'S SHORE.

Miss Banim Finally Leaps Upon the Sacred Soil of the Fish Festooned Islands of the West.

A Hospitable Priest—The Native Irish Sandal—Interesting Historical Remains.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

On the decline of royal authority in Ireland, 1650, the Marquis of Clanricarde determined on making these islands places of refuge in case of extremity, and accordingly fortified them and placed there 200 soldiers and officers under the command of Sir Robert Lynch, while the Fort of Ardkin was repaired and furnished with guns, so that it was enabled to hold out against the parliamentary forces for a considerable time after the surrender of Galway. At the close of 1650, 700 of the Irish, defeated elsewhere, landed here from Iar-Connacht and Inish Bofin, but in the month following (January, 1651), 1,800 infantry, with a battering piece, sailed from Galway to attack them, while at the same time 600 foot marched to Iar-Connacht, there to take boat, and, if necessary, go to their assistance. Thus overwhelmed, the islands surrendered, on condition that all the officers defending the Fort of Ardkin should have quarter; have six weeks to prepare for their transportation to Spain or any other place at amity with England; that the fort should be delivered up by the commander, previous to which all the garrison should march, with drums beating, to the church near Ardkin, and there lay down their arms; that, on complying with these articles, the officers, the garrison, and all persons within the fort should be protected from the violence of the soldiery. The parliamentary forces possessed themselves of the fortifications of Arran, with all the cannon, ammunition, and arms, and also seized French vessels in the port, as well as a number of large boats.

The then owner of the place, Sir Robert Lynch, was declared a traitor, his rights forfeited, and the property vested in one of the English adventurers, Erasmus Smith. The title was purchased from Erasmus Smith by Richard Butler, fifth son of James, first Duke of Ormond, who was created

EARL OF ARRAN

in 1662. In 1691, after the surrender of Galway to the Williamite army, a garrison was again stationed on Arran, when a barrack was built. The title of Earl of Arran was conferred in 1693 on Charles, brother of the second Duke of Ormond. At his death the title became extinct, but wrs renewed in 1762 in favor of Sir Arthur Gore, Bart. Early in the present century the ownership of the islands fell into the hands of the Digby family, who are the present proprietors, and are absentees.

As we neared Arran that bright August day I saw the islands at their very best—yet what a strange sight! Right up from the ocean rose, in front of us, a world of stone—one vast rock, nine miles long and about two miles in width, with low rocks and sandy beaches on the north shore, where is the only safe harbor, and where stands, facing this harbor, the neat village of Kilronan, possessing one house—the Atlantic hotel—actually of two stories; all the rest neat, low cottages. On the south and west the cliffs rise from 300 to 400 feet above the waves.

The scene, as we neared the little pier, was a curious one. The decks of the steamer, packed with a crowd of very ordinary pleasure seekers, in ordinary European costume, all gazing eagerly, wonderingly, and intently on a little gathering of men and boys on the pier; these, in costume and appearance, were as foreign looking as if we were suddenly transported into the midst of the African in place of the Irish desert. On the extreme end of the pier were gathered about forty men and boys, and while the vessel was being got alongside I had time to take a good look at the group. The men were clad in white flannel suits of short, loose jacket and trousers; their head-covering, round, a grey woollen cap, made with the crown flat and a little wider than the red and white tartan band which fits it to the head; on the feet "Pampootys" (I spell the word by sound), or sandals made of one strip of raw cowhide, stitched at the toe and heel with a bit of fishing line; another piece of string is run half way round at the top of the foot at one side, a second string goes an equal distance at the heel to the other side, and these strings being drawn round the foot while the hide is supple, the sandals form perfectly to the shape of the feet, making, with the brown or prettily mottled hair on the outer side, a sandal such as was worn, perhaps, in the days of

CAIN AND ABEL,

and which is certainly as simple, and yet as pretty a foot covering as one could wish to see. They are necessary to the people of Arran, who have to spend their whole lives walking on the rocks and springing from crag to crag; so the pampootys are worn by every man, woman and child. I have been told that to the use of sandals is to be attributed the light and graceful carriage of the islanders.

As I looked at the people on shore I thought I had never seen finer or nobler-looking men—most of them tall, slight, and graceful, with skin almost as dark as that of Arabs; curling hair, regular features, brilliant, dark grey eyes, and a quiet, self possessed, refined carriage, as they, in their turn, surveyed the strangers. Sitting on the edge of the pier and darting here and there among the men were a number of boys carrying for sale pampootys and large bunches of the beautiful maidenhair fern which grows in the chinks of the rocks. The bigger lads were dressed like the men, while the little Arran boys, up to 12, wear red petticoats like their mothers and sisters. In fact it appeared to me to be an article of faith in the west, but especially in Arran (and I have not the least doubt the parents are quite right), that the longer the little boys are kept little girls the better men will they grow up. These dark skinned and dark eyed little fellows, in pretty cowhide sandals, red petticoats, white homespun jackets and woollen caps, look exactly like young Arabs. Their very way of surrounding me as I stood on shore had something of eastern quietness and politeness, and they patiently waited that I might examine and carefully weigh the relative merits of brown or brown and white pampootys, before finally deciding on one all brown and one sweetly mottled.

The little quay which leads from the landing place on Arran pier to the principal village, Kilronan, is built along one side of the harbor. Here I saw, for the first time, the canoes, or corrachs, still so much in use along the west coast of Ireland. One of these, rowed by a young lad, was bounding o'er the water as if it scarcely touched the surface, so light and easy was the movement; another, turned up on land for repairs, showed the whole simple construction of these boats, which alone can live on the stormy waves of the western seas. The frame is simply a skeleton or cane or wickerwork, outside of which is stretched a well-tarred canvas; a pair of oars completes the primitive vessel in which these

HARDY FISHERMEN

put out in a sea which would in a few minutes swamp the finest boat of ordinary build. But the corrachs are so light, and the western fishermen are so skillful in their management, that accidents are almost unknown, and if a boatman but says it is safe to venture out with him, there is no danger whatever to a person who has nerve enough to remain quiet. I was told by a gentleman that his terror of the Arran seas was such that a few years ago, while urgent business made it necessary that he should go to the islands, his dread of the danger to be incurred kept him for months unable to face the ordeal. Since that time he has acquired such perfect confidence in the boatmens' skill, and so secure does he feel with them, that, once an Arran boatman tells him there is no danger, he could lie down and sleep in that cobweb canoe in the midst of waves that would dash a ship to pieces, but over the crests of which the light corrach bounds safely as a sea bird. Indeed, the management of these frail boats is an art apparently founded on a careful study of the manner in which a sea fowl turns itself to the breakers, now letting itself rise to the crest of the wave, now gliding gently down, and so safely skimming over billows that seem every moment to threaten its destruction.

The corrach, as we see it today in the western islands, is built in almost the same primitive fashion known for ages on those coasts. More than three thousand years ago the Firbolgs, we are told, rebelling under the yoke of slavery in Greece, seized upon some ships belonging to their tyrants; some of the oppressed race, who had been forced to dig the earth and carry clay in leather bags upon their backs—made boats of the leather wallets, and in these ships and boats the Firbolgs sailed until they landed on the coasts of Ireland. It is supposed that the corrachs in use today scarcely differ in construction from those in which these early colonists came over the waves from the south.

As we walked along the quay, passing groups of natives, a friend who accompanied us told us the people never beg, and that the parish priest could not bear that anyone should encourage them to do so. "There is but one man on all the island who will beg, but he, poor fellow, is an idiot and always asks for a sovereign." Just at this moment a child, who had seen others getting money for ferns and pampootys, asked me for a penny. My companion turned quickly to the boy with "Are you a beggar?" "No!" answered the child proudly, and, as if he were stung, he shook back his little head, but instantly remembering that he had brought the rebuke on himself, he slunk off, crestfallen and ashamed.

With the matron of our family party we were bound for the Presbytery to dine with the parish priest. The Presbytery was to me a new new surprise. There it stood—a humble cottage in the midst of its humble neighbors. The great and—remember it is rocky Arran—the grand difference between it and the surrounding dwellings being a little garden in front, bright with the gayest and most cheerful of annuals. As we entered, stepping at once from the garden right into the spacious kitchen, my friend's salutation as she crossed the threshold, "God bless all in the house!" had the real sound of coming from her heart, and met a cordial response from the old housekeeper, the priest's factotum, busy before a wide, open fireplace, where the fire was on the hearth in the old, old style. From the kitchen we went straight into the sitting room, where a scene of the

REAL IRISH HOSPITALITY

met my astonished eyes.

The little sitting room was already as full as it could be of visitors, sitting and standing, wherever a spot could be found. There was a regular invasion of the Presbytery, and in the midst, beaming with cordial delight, was the good clergyman, welcoming all with a warmth you had but to look in his face to see came from his heart. Our party overwhelmed the capacity of the parlor, and several had to stand in the doorways, and even inside the door of an inner room, but the arrivals—and they came on and on, till I thought the whole boat load we had brought to Arran had determined to storm the priest—seemed only to increase the father's hospitable joy. He made all at home, each was made to feel himself welcome; those who must stand appeared to enjoy it even more than those who had seats; all was hearty cordiality and friendly good-fellowship, and all conversed together like old friends. A gentleman from distant Panama gave up his seat to me, and opened a chat apropos of the pampootys I held in my hand. This gentleman was, though long an American citizen, a warm Irishman to the heart's core. "I'm twenty five years out of the old country," he said, "yet I can speak Irish with every soul I meet. And it's a burning shame and scandal to find how the language is being stamped out of the people, and with it all the true old Irish thoughts and ways."

Old friends claiming my new acquaintance's attention gave me a few quiet minutes to watch those around, and a really delightful and in many ways touching scene I looked on at.

Standing in the midst, or going from one to one—joyously welcoming a fresh arrival, trying to answer twenty questions at once, always the centre figure—was Father Michael, a true picture, I thought, of the "Soggarth Aroon." Kindly, cordial, hospitable, and pleasant in look and manner; living on that barren rock, amongst the poor, in a cottage scarcely better than the homes of those amongst whom his lot is cast—no better, indeed, but that his private means allow him to furnish his rooms with some simple comforts. A good, well built parochial house would not look half so beautiful on Arranmore as that humble cottage, made magnificent in comparison with those of the fishermen by the adornment of a flower-knot in front and some articles of modern furniture within.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

CASUALITIES IN IRELAND

Dr. J. C. Hackett held an inquest at Urlingford on the body of a man named John Cantwell, who committed suicide by cutting his throat and arm with a penknife. The jury returned the following verdict—"That John Cantwell died on the 15th instant from self-inflected wounds."

At Ring, near Clonakilty, John Kirby was beaten by James and Michael Walsh. Kirby lies in a precarious condition.

A fisherman named Archibald Henry, and two lads named Martin and Watson, narrowly escaped drowning in Portrush Harbor. Henry owns a fishing smack, and took the two lads to secure it from being driven ashore. Their small boat was capsized, and they were in great danger of drowning, but were rescued by David Patton and two policemen, Sergeant Hutton and Constable Broderick.

A terrible accident occurred at the Dyer street salt works, Draghede, on October 17th. George Fitzpatrick, a blacksmith, living on the North Road, fell into one of the evaporating pans filled with brine. His arms and back were severely scalded and he lies in a critical condition.

A painter named Colin McDougall was killed by a fall from a scaffold at Brennanstown House, Cabinteely. The coroner's jury found that the scaffolding, for which a man named William Smith was responsible, was not properly secured.

The coroner's jury have found that the death of Patrick Doyle, who was found dead at Curragraigue, near Enniscorthy, was caused accidentally. Bernard and David Cullen, brothers in-law, and Bridget Doyle, wife of deceased, who had been arrested charged on suspicion with murder, have accordingly been liberated from Wexford jail.

The railway station at Baltinglass was completely destroyed by fire Oct. 19th.

A man named Wm. McDermott, formerly in the employment of Mr. Perry, Balthill Hotel, as gardener, fell off a car at Dalkey and received injuries from which he died shortly afterwards. A girl named Margaret Conlon, who was also on the car, got her ankle broken.

A woman named Mary Meehan was killed on the Kilkenny Junction railway line near Kilkenny on Oct. 20th.

An inquest was held at Callohill near, Darrow, on the body of a man named Patrick Walsh, who was killed on the 17th ult. by the overturning of his horse and cart into an unfenced pond or gully on the roadside. The grand jury was censured for not having the place properly protected.

A man named Roche, residing near Caher, had his arm cut off in a threshing machine.

Two men, named Lawless and Power, between whom a long standing dispute existed, met on the quay, Waterford. A quarrel was the result, and Power, who had a large hammer in his hand, struck Lawless with it on the head, smashing his skull and rendering him senseless. Power is in custody.

Patrick Morris, a gardener, who was employed by Miss Manley, at Bray, committed suicide by hanging himself.

At Pallas sessions, Michael Redfern, aged 18, was charged with causing the death of another lad named Richard M'Namara, by striking him on the head with a stone. The case was adjourned. At the same sessions Jeremiah Ryan, a tramp, was returned for trial on a charge of setting fire to a farmer's outhouse. Ryan alleged that he was bribed to do it by another man.

A sailor named Foley, belonging to Youghal, fell from the yards of the barque Ringdove, which is at present undergoing repairs in the dock at Rushbrook, and was severely injured.

It is reported that Miss Anthony, the lady lawyer of Tallow, committed suicide in Cork lunatic asylum.

The master of Ballinasloe workhouse was lighting gas in his office when an explosion occurred. The master was severely burned, and a porter was so injured that his recovery is doubtful. The roof was blown off the office.

A man named Byrne was severely wounded in the head at Ahascragh. A man named Spellman has been arrested in connection with the occasion.

An inquest was held on Oct. 16th on the body of Thomas Nolan, who was found dead on the road leading from Castlebar to Turlough. A verdict of murder against some parties unknown was returned.

LAND LEAGUE HISTORY.

A "Citizen" Correspondent Writes an Interesting Story of the Rise and Progress of the Great Organization.

Some Account of O'Connor Power, the Two Nallys and Other Well Known People.

A FEW CORRECTIONS OF POPULAR ERRORS.

[*For the Citizen.*]

One of the most important and far reaching movements of modern times, one that stirred the British Empire to its depths, and rang the death knell of an iniquitous system of land ownership was the Land League agitation started in Mayo eleven years ago. How wide and far reaching indeed has been its results it is at the present moment difficult to determine, because the principles advocated in that struggle are almost universally applied today in every form of social warfare, in every battle of the weak against the strong, and sometimes, unfortunately, of the strong against the weak.

It is not my intention, by any means, to enter into an investigation of the causes which led to this gigantic agitation in Ireland, because I feel sure that the readers of THE CITIZEN are familiar with them already, but merely to refer to some incidents which occurred from time to time during its early stages and which may not be generally known.

It was a pleasant Sunday in the autumn of 1879 that the first great meeting against landlordism was held at Irishtown, in the county Mayo, a small hamlet midway between Claremorris and Tuam.

The land league was not established at this time, but it was the impetus and tone and determination of this historic gathering that spurred on a few active national spirits in the metropolis to embody the principles and declarations of the Irishtown meeting into the organization subsequently known throughout the world by that name.

The Irishtown meeting was a purely local one, and its object was to expose the tyranny of the landlords of the district, and to devise some means to resist their intolerable impositions. Nowadays in Ireland a meeting is arranged and brought to a successful termination in a day or two, but the first Irishtown demonstration was being quietly prepared for three weeks before it was held, because the people's resources were comparatively few, and the influence and power of the enemy active and strong.

It is very widely believed that Michael Davitt was present at this meeting, but as a matter of fact he was not there on that occasion.

The speakers were John Ferguson, of Glasgow, Thomas Brennan, now of Omaha, John O'Connor Power, and Jas. Daly, proprietor of the Connaught *Telegraph* newspaper. John O'Connor Power has long since apostatized. He is scorned and despised by the Irish people whom he betrayed, but the reward he receives from his English masters in reward for his lacariotism, may serve in some degree to reconcile him with the position he took in the hour of his country's need.

The principal organizer of the Irishtown meeting was P. W. Nally, at present confined in Mountjoy prison and serving a sentence of ten years, having been convicted in the city of Cork six years ago for conspiracy to murder certain landlords in Mayo. He was just as guilty of this charge as Sitting Bull or the king of Dahomey, but he was the watchdog of the National Cause in the county, and by fair means or foul the landlords determined that he should be removed. P. W. Nally was a single minded patriot and an honorable gentleman. In the west of Ireland, where he was thoroughly well known, the people trusted and loved him for his manly, sterling qualities, and he exerted a strong and healthy influence on the national ranks. It is a certainty that without his exertions this Irishtown meeting would not have been held, and it is quite possible that the position and prospect of the Irish cause would not have been advanced to where it is today had such been the case.

I have already said that this gathering on the now famous field at Irishtown was a purely local one, and only intended to draw attention to local grievances, because the men who organized that demonstration were subsequently among the bitterest opponents of the Land League, not through any lack of patriotism, but being honestly convinced that constitutional agitation instead of elevating the national sentiment tended to degrade and lower it. In the summer of 1880 there was a large Land League meeting at a place called Shrule, a small town on the borders of Mayo and Galway. A large platform was gotten up for the speakers, but before the chairman had finished his opening speech, the platform collapsed, and the orators of the day had to retire after warmly embracing mother earth.

It was found that the extreme nationalists—who kindly volunteered to build the platform for the local league committee—had so arranged it that on the removal of a certain plank the whole structure would collapse. Similar patriotic freaks were indulged in the same year in various parts of Mayo, but when the principles and objects of the League became better understood, the nationalists of the county threw their whole weight and influence into its ranks. Another feature in the unexpected opposition encountered by the Land League in its infancy was the resistence of the majority of the Catholic hierarchy. A great meeting was held at Tuam a few weeks after Parnell had given his memorable advice to the people of Westport, "keep a firm grip on your homesteads," and at this meeting Michael Davitt had to defend his position from an attack directed against him and the League, and purporting to emanate from Archbishop McHale, who gave Davitt and his friends the title of "strollers." Now in justice to the memory of that great and distinguished ecclesiastic whose half century struggle against English aggression in Ireland comprises a very important portion of Irish history, and whose fame as an Irish patriot and scholar has gone abroad to the ends of the earth, in justice to him the fact ought to be known and recorded that this letter about the "strollers" which was copied extensively in the English and anti Irish press, was written without his consent by his nephew and secretary, the Rev. Thomas McHale, of the Irish College, Paris.

English literature is somewhat indebted to the Land League movement. A few years ago the word boycott was unknown, now it is one of the most expressive in the English language. Everybody has heard of the gallant Capt. Boycott, the irrepressible agent of the Earl of Arran. He lived within a few miles of the pretty little town of Ballinrobe, and had a very fine residence, commanding a splendid view of the Lough Mask and the Connemara mountains. The captain foolishly imagined that he not only owned Lough Mask House, but the souls and bodies of the tenantry of the Earl of Arran as well. The story of Boycott's boycott, and how a whole regiment of English soldiers and police spent several weeks guarding him, and how the people of Ballinrobe combined as one man to defy him and his battalions, is too fresh in the public mind to need recital here. The people's leader on the occasion was the well known Irish American, Mr. "Scrab" Nally. How well he performed his arduous duties as generalissimo of the popular forces is shown by the retreat of Capt. Boycott and the English from the scene of operations, after a fruitless endeavor to crush the spirit of the people and break the popular ranks. This bloodless battle ought to be known in history as "the siege of Lough Mask House," or by the more classical title, "the retreat of the one thousand."

An incident connected with Mr. "Scrab" McNally's campaigning in the land agitation, may, I think with propriety, be told here. His father was a pretty extensive farmer, and a landlord on a small scale, having about twenty or thirty tenants. "Scrab" got several severe paternal lectures about the wild political course he was following, and the only answer the old gentleman could get from the young scion of democracy was "down with landlordism."

Time went by and the leaders of the League were cast into prison by that distinguished statesman and buckshot warrior, Wm. Edward Forster. During the incarceration of Mr. Parnell, the no rent manifesto was issued, and "Scrab," who was then in Kilmainham jail was simply wild when he could not practically assist in the carrying out of the manifesto. In order, however, to give some substantial evidence of his faith in the wisdom of the no rent policy, he wrote a carefully prepared manifesto of his own to his father's tenants, in which he cautioned them, on pain of political excommunication, to pay no rent to his father, and to adhere strictly to Mr. Parnell's decree. I need scarcely add that the tenants cheerfully complied with "Scrab" in junction, and when old Mr. Nally came to get his rents, he was respectfully told that his son John had informed them that in the present distracted state of the country their contracts were not binding, and they declined to pay. "Scrab" sent his manifesto out of Kilmainham by what was known as "the underground postal system."

The second arrest of Michael Davitt in 1881, for having forfeited his parole, created very great excitement in Ireland at the time. In connection with the officials of the League he was making arrangements for the holding of a national convention at the Rotunda. At twelve o'clock noon he left the League office to have dinner, promising to return in an hour to commence work on the convention invitations. But he did not return. After having dined at a well-known restaurant in Dame street, he strolled leisurely back through Westmoreland street, and when passing O'Connell bridge was arrested and conveyed to the Castle, whence he was taken in the evening of the same day, placed on board a mail steamer at Kingstown, and transferred to one of her majesty's dungeons in London to await the further pleasure of his old friend, Buckshot Forster.

Of the many prominent men who gave the Land League movement valuable assistance, the late president of the Irish National League of America, and present U. S. minister to Chili, may be mentioned as one. His untiring energy, his zeal and unselfish devotion to the cause, made him, and deservedly, one of the most popular men in Ireland. He performed the onerous duties of treasurer with marked ability and fidelity, and after Davitt's arrest it was an open secret that the government intended to seize the funds of the League which were deposited with the Hibernian Banking Co., in Dame street. But Patrick Egan was a little too quick for Dublin Castle, and so one afternoon he quietly drew all League cash in the Hibernian and transferred it to the French Capital, where it was secure from the rapacity of Victoria's advisers in Ireland. Mr. Egan was a prominent merchant of the city of Dublin, and was a director of the North City Milling Co., one of the largest concerns of the kind in Ireland. Long before the League was established, and when it was neither safe nor fashionable to be a patriot, he was a quiet but active worker in the national ranks, and gave his time and money freely to the cause. He was the most particular friend of the lamented J. K. Casey, better known as "Leo," author of "The Rising of the Moon," and when Egan and Casey worked together at Castlerea, more than twenty years ago, it might be truly said that the west was then awake, for they were the most zealous and fearless advocates of nationalism, and gave a tone to popular sentiment which it has not lost to this day.

A unique feature of the League agitation was speechmaking in the Irish language. One man in particular, Mr. Patrick Fury, a Galway farmer, gave the government reporters some trouble. He could convey his ideas very fairly in English, but in the old Gaelic tongue he was unsurpassed, and on every occasion that he addressed his countrymen in that language, he gave expression to what Mr. Forster would have called unmitigated treason. He counselled war against the common enemy, landlordism, in language that would delight Danton or Marat, but it was worse than Hebrew to the government spies who were not acquainted with any system of phonography by which they could convey an Irish speech to their masters. Mr. Fury was, however, relegated to Dundalk prison, for doing that which—in the customary terms of the warrants of state—he had not a legal right to do; that is to say, to intimidate certain of her Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects in Ireland from paying their rents.

There is hardly any doubt that the Land League movement was productive of much good to the cause of Ireland, especially in the matter of political education, and in the gradual abolition of landlordism. Still, there are not a few who believe that its general tendency has been to wean the people's minds from a higher and nobler idea of nationality. It gave practical proof of the effect of union in promoting national strength, and the Irish people are at length beginning to realize the wisdom of Florence McCarthy's lines:

Knowledge is the price of freedom,
Know thyself and thou art free.

Acting loyally together in a spirit of toleration, self reliance and self respect, the people of Ireland may hope to attain to the dignity of nationhood, to which they are, by right, entitled, may with confidence look forward to a future which shall be as bright and promising as the past has been dark and cheerless, to a time when every man in the Green Isle shall be a king in his own home, subject to the laws, not of an alien government, but of an Irish legislature, selected by freemen to manage the affairs of a prosperous and happy land. JIM MOORE.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

The finest and most disciplined game of football, under Gaelic rules, that was ever witnessed in this State, was played last Sunday between the William O'Brien and Henry Grattan branches of the Gaelic Athletic Association, at the grounds corner of Oakley avenue and Division street. At 3:15 o'clock Capt. Burke and his boys marched from their goal to meet the Grattan giants. The ball was thrown up up Referee Jones, and when half time was called the score stood 2 points for the O'Briens and 1 for the Grattan club. Both teams having changed sides the ball was again thrown in by the referee, and by hard work the Grattan giants gained 2 points to the O'Briens 1, which made the score a tie. It may be added that the attendance was not so large as was expected, but it will be remembered by those who witnessed the game that it was the best and most disciplined that was ever played in Illinois.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

LA VENGEUR—THE SEA FIGHT.

Whatever change came over the counsels of the officers on board the Thunderer, or whether it were merely a threat to extort information from him, the death sentence was not executed. Nor was he afterwards visited by the gentleman whose discussion with him was narrated in our last chapter.

Neither, however, was he allowed the freedom of the ship. For some inscrutable reasons known only to his captors, he was kept closely confined to his prison. Sunset succeeded sunrise, and night succeeded day, with ceaseless regularity, but still he remained a prisoner. Occasionally the ship fell into company with others when they dropped floating anchor for some time, and an exchange of news or of men took place, and a general intercommunication between the officers of the different vessels. At other times the vessel pursued her own way unaccompanied. This much was apparent to Eugene as he looked through the thick glass of the side light. She appeared to him to be on some sort of sentinel duty, for, although for days nothing but the wide waste of waters encompassed them, at others his quick, experienced eye detected the mountains of the seaboard lying like blue clouds dimly on the distant horizon.

All this time Eugene wondered what had become of François and the crew of the Albatross—whether they were still on board, or whether they had been transferred to other vessels. Also, he marveled what had become of the expedition. Ha! it sailed, and, if so, what port in Ireland was its destination? What was its measure of success?

If it had sailed he knew well it must have escaped the watchfulness of the British fleet. There were no signs of a conflict on the vessels they had come across. The torn sides, the smashed bulwarks, the broken masts, the ragged rigging and sails that showed the terrible effects of a fight at sea, were absent from them.

All he could do was to wish it success when it did sail, and to breathe a hope that victory might light upon the banners of France when once they were unfurled on Irish soil.

The which thinking always brought his thoughts back to Seamore. In the loneliness and isolation of his position his mind kept constantly revolving about Helen, until his dreams at night as well as his reveries by day were haunted by the loveliness of her presence. Her bright and laughing eyes beamed in on his sleeping brain through the darkness of his cell, and her slender, graceful form seemed at times to fashion itself out of the rolling wave that rose, curled upwards, and swept by. He might, in a more active life, mayhap, have forgotten her, or she might have retained but a weak bond on his thoughts; but here, with nought to do but think of her, her face stamped itself on his heart almost as if it had been seared by, burning brand!

Knowing the danger of dwelling too constantly on one idea, he essayed to think of other things that might attract his imagination. Of the earlier days of his life in the French Naval School, of his voyages in La Vengeur, of his transports when he first donned the gold epaulets of an officer—in vain! Every train of thought of the kind brought him insensibly back to Seamore, and every boyish dream of glory and renown, by some curious metaphysical combination, brought before him Helen Barrington's winsome face, the deep blue of her eyes, or the wavy masses of brown hair above her white forehead.

"I shall go mad if I am longer left here," was his despairing thought as one night he lay down to rest—much disturbed by the fact that his remembrance of the first gun which he had seen fired in conflict served only to bring to his mind her silvery laugh.

"What an association of ideas!" he said. "None but one whose brain was giving way would have yielded to it."

He resolved within himself to detach his thoughts in the future from her—else the love he bore her should certainly get the better of his reason. In the midst of his devising plans for this purpose he fell asleep.

Only, however, to dream of her again! He was walking with herself and Miss Howard on the meadow banks that lay on the sides of Seamore, and Helen had leant on his arm to cross a stile that intervened between him and the shore.

The touch of her hand on his shoulder awoke him!

Was it that, or the rougher hand of the captain of the watch, who stood above him with a lighted candle? or was it her silvery voice that was in his ear, but the tones of the midnight visitor as he said gruffly and hurriedly:

"Get up!—come on deck!"

The illusion vanished at once.

"On deck?"—iterated Eugene, wide-awake on the instant. "Why? What for?"

"Ask no questions—but come!"

There was no ignoring the haste of the visitor; still less was there chance of mistaking the unusual import of his words.

Whatever was the cause, it was immediately palpable to Eugene that there was pressing need for obedience on his part. So, dressing immediately, he followed the retreating lantern as rapidly as he could.

Long before he got on deck his sense of hearing and seeing told him that something unusual was on foot. Lights glimmered everywhere on the 'tween decks. Sailors hauled at long ropes that worked the guns, and ran them out through the opened portholes. Otherwise, they were busy with rammers running home the charges of powder, and round shot and grape. Ammunition was being rapidly passed from hand to hand; and the calls of the officers, the hurried exclamations of the men, the clinking of the irons, the cleansing of cutlasses, the fitting of lamps from place to place in the vast interior of the vessel, and the stamping and tread of feet overhead, made it a very pandemonium.

"They are preparing for action," thought Eugene, as, hurrying along, his eye took in the the preparations. "There is an enemy in sight. Heaven grant there may. It will be a friend to me."

Along the 'tween decks; stumbling over cannon balls, tripping over ropes, and anon knocking his head against the low, whitewashed beams that supported the next upper deck; then up a ladder, then another, and, finally climbing the companion ladder, he followed his leader—until he found himself on deck.

It was a singular sensation for him: to feel the cool breeze once more on his forehead, to see the deep vault of the sky with here and there a star peeping out through the darkness, and to hear the unbroken freshness the rush of the waves as they swept past the vessel. It seemed as if a new life had been given to him, and the blood came in unwonted flow, coursing through his veins and throbbing at his temples.

It was all the difference between bondage and freedom.

He had not long to experience these sensations undisturbed.

"Follow me," said his guide sharply, as Eugene stopped for a moment to witness the scene so fresh and so delightful to him.

A few moments brought him to the quarter deck, whereon the captain and some of the officers were gazing with their night glasses across the bulwarks.

So intent were they on the operation that they did not notice the approach of Eugene.

"This is the French prisoner," said the guide, touching the captain on the shoulder.

"Ah, so it is," said the latter, turning round. "Is your sight good?"

"As good," said Eugene, somewhat amused at the oddity of the question, and at the abrupt manner in which it was put "as one's eyes can be who has seen but——"

"Take this glass in your hand, and tell me what vessel that is yonder."

Eugene mechanically took the glass, and, adjusting it, swept the horizon in the direction indicated. For some time he failed to detect the object he sought, but suddenly his eyes caught it, and his heart stood suddenly still.

For, coming along, her prow obliquely towards them—her white sails reflecting the lights that shone on her decks and glared from her mid masts, was a French man-of-war. Lights streamed from her opened portholes—three long tiers of lights—that made her seem like a floating palace whose windows were all alight for ball room festivities. The moving forms, vaguely showing on her deck in the dimness, proved that the hands on board her were busy at work.

"Can you make her out?" asked the captain as Eugene steadily surveyed her.

"Yes."

"Is she French or Spanish?"

"French," said Eugene, with difficulty concealing his exultation, as the prospect of probable deliverance sent the chilled blood again bounding in ecstacies from his heart.

"Do you know her?"

"I think I do."

"What is her name?"

"La Vengeur."

"How do you know?"

"She is my old vessel."

"What does she carry?"

"A few 74 pounders—the rest smaller," said Eugene, anxious to minimize the fighting qualities of the stately vessel that, like a thing of light and beauty careered over the waves, lest the Captain of the Thunderer should seek to evade the challenge which she seemed prepared to offer, and so render his chance of escape hopeless.

"How does she work in a half gale? For unless I am mistaken there is one not far off."

"Answers to her helm badly, and her lower tier of guns cannot be worked with a heavy sea on," said Eugene readily, the while he thought to himself. "I hope they will rely on my honor for this one time."

"Humph! I thought as much," said the captain. "She seems bent on challenging us. Don't you think so?"

"I certainly do," said Eugene, with his glass still steadily levelled at the stately foe. "If she has not changed captains since I knew her, she is not likely to turn her stern on any ship that walks the water. And, by heaven!" cried he, as a red light flashed from her poop, so lurid that for the moment it completely extinguished the others and threw a purple glare upon her acres of sails, "there comes her challenge!"

In the excitement of the moment he was about to "hurrah," but fortunately checked himself, as the dull boom of a cannon came slowly rumbling over the breast of the waters.

The shot fell short, for the vessel was still a long way distant. At any rate, in the dark space that lay between the Tnunderer and her it was impossible to say what became of it.

But still out against the dark background of the sky and water the foe came gallantly on!

It was a stirring sight—the three master alight with her many lamps, alone in the black darkness around; her long tiers of port holes gleaming above the blackness of the waters; her sails filled with the freshening breeze; and the white surf surging up and around her cleaving prow.

"They have mistaken the distance," said the captain of the Thunderer coolly, as he took the glas once more into his hand, and gazed at the stranger. "She is coming pretty quickly forward. She will go back less quickly. She is one of the vessels of the Irish expedition returning, and wants to show some sign of work after their fruitless efforts."

"Has the expedition then sailed?" asked Eugene, with beating heart, as this slight piece of information fell on his ears.

But there was no answer. The captain closed up his glass, and proceeded to give orders to his officers, who set off to their various commands in the ship.

"I suppose," said he curtly to Eugene, "as you are a non combatant you would prefer being more or less in safety below."

"I should prefer it here," said the other, in whom the hope of escape was strong. "I am not unaccustomed to such scenes."

"We can scarcely permit that. You would be quite out of place here. Besides there is no use in throwing away your life for no purpose and to no end."

"I may be of service in assisting the wounded," said Eugene, to whom the thought suddenly occurred.

"Quite so. I hadn't thought of that. You may remain on deck—but not here. There will be less danger elsewhere."

These last words were spoken in a much more friendly manner. Eugene took them as a hint to leave, and accordingly left the quarter deck, and took his place at the bulwarks between two cannon that stood ready shotted—their gunners beside them with the lighted torches in their hands. Here, in comparative darkness, he watched with intense interest the advancing Frenchman.

Had the ship actually touched an Irish port. Where were her companions, and what had become of the division of the French army it carried? What story did La Vengeur bear back from Ireland to France? What would he not give at this moment to know? Who could tell but a few moments might put him in possession of the information his heart was athirst for.

Meanwhile the freshening breeze grew up, as if the captain's prophecy about the forthcoming gale were in course of fulfilment, and, under its influence, the Frenchman came tearing along, throwing up a cloud of silver spray above her bows.

As she came nearer he could notice that some of her sails were being reefed.

He looked around to see what arrangements were being made near him.

The men were standing silently at their guns, everything in readiness; the lighted torches, hissing and flaring, alone breaking the silence of the night. Every eye was fixed on the approaching vessel, and every ear awaited the sound of the captain's trumpet to train the guns on the foe!

It was a moment of wonderful suspense; and the groups of silent men around the guns at intervals along the spacious deck, seemed to call up the idea of a phantom war vessel careering over the seas in the blackness of the night.

It was the stillness preceding the storm.

And what a storm!

He had scarcely turned his head around again after these short reflections when he was surprised to see, within a few furlongs, the long tiers of La Vengeur rising high over the water, her lighted portholes partly obscured by her protruding guns.

She was clearing the Thunderer, broadside on.

He had scarcely time to wonder at the speed with which she had come, when along her deck and from her sides ran a line of red light, that made the black darkness behind blacker still!

A tremendous boom, a concussion of the air—and the Thunderer fairly reeled and staggered in the water as the round shot struck her sides, burying themselves in her strong timbers or passing into the interior! A shower of splinters flew around him, indicating where a shot had struck the bulwarks, knocking it into matchwood. In a moment the La Vengeur was surrounded by a cloud of white smoke that evolved from her portholes and hung over her deck.

The trumpet call from the captain of the Thunderer at once answered this message! The flying splinters had not descended on the deck from their flight through the air when it resounded through the vessel.

In a moment the silent forms around the guns were in motion. In the twinkling of an eye the men at the ropes had hauld the guns into position to bear, had them trained on the enemy, and almost simultaneously the torches were applied.

A roar of thunder burst from under his feet and from the sides of the vessel; the sudden, sharp blaze of furious light made Eugene's eyes, so long accustomed to the dim obscurity of his cabin, close; the vessel reeled with the rebound of the guns; and a shower of roundshot had penetrated the cloud of smoke that wrapped up the La Vengeur, doing what damage it might—most mighty damage for aught they knew!

The Frenchmen had not let their hands rest, but whilst their sailors tacked round to bring their vessel to leeward of the Thunderer, the gunners had loaded again, and just as she went round the stern of the latter a second broadside poured into her, and a storm of grape swept the whole length of the deck, doing great execution. It fairly mowed down the gunners at their guns!

Eugene felt a sharp pain at his side, pretty much as if he had got a smart lash of a whip.

He saw the French vessel bear round on the other side, so close that he could see the gunners on her deck stripped to the waist working the guns; could see where the line of red fire again ran along the decks; could hear the storm of sound that seemed to burst in his own vessel from under his feet; and tried to run to the other side of the vessel to watch the conflict there. His foot trod on something slippery and he fell; and, with a vague wonder whether he had been mortally wounded, he felt his strength fading from him and the light passing from his eyes.

He was dimly conscious the conflict was becoming closer and fiercer, and, with a cry of "Boarding nets up!" in his ears, grew unconscious!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-M'LAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

Ní'l cleas dá m'fhéidir léighiomh ná trácht air,
Le teacht rae ná tar éis bheith lán di,
Am luid, am shamhuin, ná air chúl na bliaghna,
Ná tuigim gur leamhas bheith súil le ciall as.
Níor bh'áill liom codla go socair aon uair díobh,
Gan lán mo stoca do tharthadh fóm' chluasadh,
Is deimhin nár bh'obair liom trosgadhe cráibhteacht,
'S greidhim ná bolgam ní shlogfin trí trátha,
A n-aghaidh an t-srothadh do thomuinn mo léine,
A súil trém' chodla le cogar mo chéile.
Is minic do chuaidh mé sguaba d'a stáeadh,
M'ingnidh 's mo ghruaig fó 'n luaith-ghrios d'fhágainn
Do chuirinn a t-súist fó chúl na gáibhle,
Do chuirinn an rán go ciuin fam'adhairt chúgham,
Do chuirinn mo choigil a g-ciilín na h-átha,
'Sdo chuirinn mo cheirtlín a d-teinil mhic Rágh naill,
Do chuirinn an ros air chorp na sráide,
'Sdo chuirinn sa t-sop chúgham tor cabáiste.
Ní'l cleas aco súd dá n-dúbhras láithreach,
Ná tagrainn cómhnadh an diabhail 'sa bhráithre,
'Sé fáth mo ségil go léir 'sa bhrígh dhuit
Táim gan chéile tar éis mo dhíthchill.
Fáth mo sheanachais fhada, mo phian-ehreach!
Táim a nachran daingean a m-bliaghantadh,
A tarraing go tréan air laéchibh leathadh,
Is eagal liom éag, 'gan aon dam iarradh!
A Phéaríadh ó Pharrathas! sgreadaim 's éibhim ort.
Eirie m'anma ort, aitchim 's glaodhaim tu,
Seachain ná sgaoil me 'm shraoill gan áird
Ná am chaillig gan chrích, gan bhrígh, gan bhláith,
Gan charaid, gan chlainn, gan chaoim, gan chárde,
Air theallach an draíun, gan feídhm, gan fáilte,
Dar fuil Impire, teinte 's tóirneach,
Dallag me suighte, muighte, am éinbhid,
'S sealbh gach sógh, 's rógha gach dió,
Ag aimidighe Fodla ós cómhair mo shúl,
Tá somach ag Sadhbh go saidhbhir sómhach,
Murrainn a meídhir, 'sa h-aghaidh air núadhchar.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BALLANTINE—At Glenade, county Leitrim, Oct 6, Michael Ballantine, R.I.C., aged 23 years, of Down, county Cavan, son of the late Lawrence Ballantine, National teacher, Stroudhill, Sligo.

CONNOLLY—At his residence, No. 10 St. Alphonsus road, Drumcondra, Oct. 25, Andrew Connolly, J.P., of Clunagh House, King's county.

LYONS—Oct. 22, Denis P. Lyons, of Abbeyfeale, aged 57.

MORRISSEY—At his residence, Flemingstown, Cloghan, Oct. 24, Thomas Morrissey, aged 63.

[illegible]UGHNESSY—At her residence, Main street, Athboy, Oct. 24, Rose Shaughnessy, relict of the late James Shaughnessy, aged 78.

M[illegible]UGHAN—At the Convent of Mercy, Nass, Oct. 18, Mary Maughan (in religion Sister M. Columba), in the 24th year of her age and the 4th of her religious life.

CLARKE—At Monascribe, Dundalk, Oct. 12, Thomas Clarke, aged 92.

[illegible]NNINGHAM—At the residence of her brother, Michael Broderick, Castleres, Kells, relict of Dr. Cunningham.

[illegible]LIOTT—At her residence, No. 12 Camden row, Dublin, Oct. 22, Sarah, wife of Richard Elliott.

[illegible]CH—At his residence, No 44 Patrick street, Dublin, Oct. 24, James Lynch, aged 70.

O'CONNOR—At "The Cottage," Blackwater, Enniscorthy, Oct. 20, Capt. Peter O'Connor, aged 81.

PENROSE—At No. 2 St. Nicholas place, Dublin, Anne, relict of the late C. Penrose, aged 70.

KELLY—At her residence, Cloonara, Roscommon, Oct. 10, Mrs. Edward Kelly.

KERIGAN—At her residence, No. 58 Ballybough road, Dublin, Oct. 20, Maryanne, relict of the late John Kerigan.

MAGUIRE—At Drumdart House, Mohill, Charles Maguire, ex-sergeant R.I.C., aged 54 years.

SCULLY—At the Convent of Mercy, Macon, Georgia, U. S. A., (Maggie) in religion Sister M. Bernard, aged 44 years, daughter of the late Edward and Judith Scully, Mountmellick, Queen's county, Ireland.

CLARENCE—At Ballisodare, county Sligo, Oct. 18, Joseph Clarence, aged 56 years.

LAWLOR—At his residence, No. 6 McGowan terrace, Ranaleigh, Oct. 21, Patrick, son of the late William Lawlor, of Terenure.

LYONS—At the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, Oct. 39, Thomas, eldest son of the late Martin Lyons.

MAHONY—At Airmount House, Waterford, Oct. 28, Agnes, fourth daughter of Richard Mahony.

PHELAN—Oct. 26, James Patrick, eldest son of John Phelan, Rathbeagh, county Kilkenny.

CONLON—At his residence, Rathnarovanagh, Kilmore, county Roscommon, Oct. 27, Patrick Conlan, aged 60.

WOODLOCK—At Kilkenny, Oct. 27, Mary, wife of Thomas J. Woodlock, aged 60.

DELANY—At Drumcondra, Dublin, Oct. 23, Margaret Delany, aged 75 years, relict of the late William Delany, formerly of Nenagh, county Tipperary.

FITZPATRICK—At Kilbeggan, Oct. 24, Margaret, relict of the late William Fitzpatrick, aged 73.

NUGENT—At his residence, Borehole, Clare, county Kildare, Oct. 24, Laurence Nugent, aged 77.

O'DUFFY—At Waterford, Mary, wife of Neil O'Duffy, dentist, aged 22.

QUIRK—At his son's residence, No. 40 Mabbot street, Dublin, Oct. 23, John Quirk.

RING—At St Vincent's Hospital, Joseph Ring, Clashduff, Castlecomer, aged 66 years.

HEALY—In Dublin, Oct 26, Mary, widow of the late Laurence Healy, of Banagher, King's county.

JEFFCOIT—At Mercer's Hospital, Dublin, Oct. 26, Cornelius, son of the late Richard Jeffcott, Barnacle House, Spa, Tralee.

O'BRIEN—At Rosebawn, county Wicklow, Oct. 21, Mrs. O'Brien, aged 99 years and 10 months.

A WINNING WORK.

Compendium of Press Criticisms of Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac."

The Leading American, Irish and British Newspapers Praise It.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc. should be made payable

TROUBLE IN HONDURAS

The Long Expected Revolution Finally Breaks Out.

INSURGENTS HEADED BY SANCHEZ.

President Bogran Surrounded in One of the Wards of Tegucigalpa and Will Be Forced to Surrender Unless Speedy Assistance Arrives—President Ezeta Keeping His Eye on Barillas to Prevent Him from Taking a Hand in the Affair.

LA LIBERTAD, Nov. 11.—The revolution which has been expected for months and which has been gaining headway since the conclusion of the war between Salvador and Guatemala has broken out in Honduras. Tegucigalpa is in a state of siege, telegraphic communication direct with the capital has been interrupted, and it is believed that the wires have been cut, but this is not positively known. Several dispatches have been received by the Salvadorian government in regard to the affair. One is to the effect that Friday last a part of the garrison of Tegucigalpa revolted, and under the leadership of Gen. Longino Sanchez took possession, after hard fighting, of the capitol building and arsenal. Since then street skirmishing has been of daily occurrence, and Sanchez and his forces now have President Louis Bogran surrounded in one of the wards of the city, and it is believed he will be forced to surrender unless other garrisons arrive at the scene of the revolt within two or three days.

Hurrying to the Aid of Sanchez.

Several other army men have issued their pronunciamentos and are hurrying with their forces to aid Sanchez. It is believed that the revolution will become general and Bogran be forced to leave the country if he is not captured. Bogran has been regarded as the tool of Barillas, and has bankrupted the country. Many people residing in the frontier districts have signified their intention of asking annexation to Nicaragua and Salvador. If Bogran falls there is a possibility that the country will by common consent of the masses be divided between Guatemala, Salvador, and Nicaragua.

A Very Grave Aspect.

Private advices from the city of Guatemala just received here puts a grave aspect upon the revolution in Honduras. It is believed that Barillas will attempt to extend aid to his old ally, Bogran, and in doing so will precipitate a general war in Central America, as it is understood that if he takes a hand in the present trouble Ezeta will call him to time, with the full consent of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, with whom Salvador will be leagued in case of general international strife.

Ezeta Will Remain Neutral.

SAN SALVADOR, Nov. 11.—President Ezeta, in regard to the revolution in Honduras, fully confirmed the reported revolution in Tegucigalpa, adding details that the slaughter in the taking of the state building and arsenal was very heavy. Troops are being hurried to the relief of Bogran from every quarter of the republic. Ezeta said he should remain entirely neutral, but could not allow Barillas to interfere in the troubles of Honduras. The present affair remained for its people alone to solve and Guatemala must keep aloof. Ezeta expressed the hope that the revolution would soon be over and deprecated a general war in Central America, which would possibly follow if Barillas attempted to interfere in the present strife.

Land Bought from Indians.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 11.—Secretary Noble's report will be devoted largely to the Indians. Not less than 13,000,000 acres of land have been obtained by cession from various tribes—9,000,000 acres in North and South Dakota and 4,000,000 acres in Minnesota. The ratification by congress of pending agreements will throw open to settlement 600,000 acres more in North Dakota, 600,000 in South Dakota, 1,000,000 acres in Colorado, and 641,000 acres in Oklahoma, a total of more than 17,000,000 acres.

The Yield of the Fields.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 11.—The November returns to the department of agriculture of rates of yield per acre make the average for corn 19.9 bushels; potatoes, 87.5 bushels; buckwheat, 14.8 bushels; hay, 1.20 tons; tobacco, 718 pounds. The corn crop makes the smallest yield reported, excepting only that of 1881, which was 18.6 bushels. It is 83 per cent. of the average of the last ten years, a period which included four unusually poor years, and only 75 per cent. of last year's crop.

A Change in the Figures.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 11.—The official count of Allegheny county shows a majority for Stewart, Rep., for congress over Craig, Dem., of 2,661. This gives Stewart a majority of 34 in the district (the Twenty-fourth) over Craig, whose election has heretofore been claimed. The district in 1888 gave Ray, Rep., 4,338 majority. The delegation from the state in the next congress will consist of eighteen Republicans and ten Democrats—a Democratic gain of three.

Had to Dismiss the Director.

PARIS, Nov. 11.—During a performance of "Faust" at Dunkirk a tremendous tumult arose in the audience, due to the abiding French hatred of the Germans. Having suddenly made the discovery that the director, Martel, was a German, the people demanded his immediate dismissal before they would permit the opera to go on. The manager of the theater was obliged to come to the front and announce the dismissal of Martel in order to prevent a riot.

A Chicago Suicide.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Michael Sullivan of the well-known firm of J. B. Sullivan & Bro., decorators and painters, 266 North Clark street, shot himself through the head Tuesday morning, causing instant death. The suicide was committed at his home at 210 Webster avenue, about 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Sullivan had been sick for a long time and very despondent. He leaves a wife and five children.

Armenians Raid the Kurds.

ERZEROUM, Nov. 11.—Five hundred armed Armenians, concentrated at Mador on Russian territory, Sunday made a raid on several Kurdish villages, killing five persons. The band was attacked and dispersed by Cossacks. The police here have made a large seizure of Martini rifles and ammunition intended for Armenians.

THE SNELL MURDER RECALLED.

An Open Letter Which Contains Some Significant Statements.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Mrs. Albert J. Snell, Jr., has written an open letter in which she more than broadly insinuates that a certain member of the family was concerned in the murder of her father-in-law. She declares that the hole bored in the safe of Snell was bored from the inside, that the most valuable paper missing was old Mr. Snell's will, and that she believes that one of Mr. Snell's bullets wounded one of his assailants. She makes very pertinent and damaging statements about a wound in Mr. A. J. Stone's leg, about the fact that the safe combination was open, and other, as she claims, significant things.

What the Police Say.

At the same time not much attention is paid to Mrs. Snell's statements by those who have most carefully investigated the case. Inspector George Hubbard was chief of police at the time of the murder and says that Mrs. Snell is mistaken in many of her assertions. At the time of the murder, he says, he received letters from many people. Every member of the family fell under the suspicion of these letter writers. Every case or even seeming clew was rigidly traced down. No member of the family had anything to do with the matter. Ex-Chief of Detectives John Bonfield seems to think that Mrs. Snell has been brooding over the matter and that her letter is a woman's attempt to satisfy a grudge which she has against some one. Mr. Stone says the charges are ridiculous.

An Old Penitentiary Bird.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 11.—August Meyer was received at the penitentiary Monday on a two years' sentence from St. Genevieve county, for obtaining property under false pretences. He is 70 years old, and has now commenced serving his eleventh term in the Missouri penitentiary. He first came here in 1836, and, with the exception of a year that he spent in jail in Illinois, he has never been out of this penitentiary but a few months at a time since. He is a monumental liar, and rarely ever tells the same story twice. He has been sentenced every time for working some kind of a confidence game, and even while in the prison has plied his vocation on verdant guards and amateur detectives with great success.

Violated the Lottery Law.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11.—J. Pinckney Smith, business manager of The Daily States, was Monday arraigned before United States Commissioner Wright for violating the anti-lottery postal law in mailing his paper with a lottery advertisement in it. The advertisement was not a direct advertisement of the lottery, but had a column advertisement telling where copies of The State with the lottery advertisements in it could be procured. The States publishes two editions, one with the lottery advertisement, which goes by express, and one without it, which it sends by mail. In the latter it advertised the former. Mr. Smith was held in $500 bail to answer.

A Policy That Wouldn't Work.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—A cablegram from Melbourne says that the labor unions are suspending their entrance fees in some instances, and in other cases reducing them. The object is to attract the free laborers into the unions. Before the strike the policy of the unions was to keep their numbers down by high admission fees, and other stringent regulations. The Wharf Laborers' union, whose admission fee was £5, talked before the strike of raising it to £10. Now they have suspended the fee altogether. The free laborers, however, do not seem anxious to avail themselves of the privilege.

Refused to Recognize the Union.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Nov. 11.—The grievance committee of the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, whose members are employed on the Lehigh Valley railroad, called on General Eastern Superintendend Goodwin Monday to lay before him a number of grievances they wish to have remedied. Superintendent Goodwin, when informed by the committee of their being members of the brotherhood, refused to receive them as members thereof, and told them that had they come as employes of the road he would listen to their grievances.

Strike on the Railways.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The employes of the various railways in Scotland and the North of England have for some time past been endeavoring to secure an advance of wages, but the companies have not seen their way clear to granting the request. Matters have now come to a crisis, and it is announced that unless the demand for an advance of 3 shillings per week is acceded to a general strike will at once be ordered.

Marwood the Hangman's Estate.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The estate of the late Marwood, for a number of years public executioner in great Britain and Ireland, is honestly paying 20 shillings in the pound. Marwood accumulated a comfortable fortune in his peculiar trade, but became somewhat involved previous to his death, and creditors put his estate in bankruptcy, fearing that it was insolvent, which proved not to be the case.

Enthusiastic Berlin Socialists.

BERLIN, Nov. 11.—The Socialists of Berlin to the number of 3,000 assembled Tuesday to tender an ovation to Herr Tabbert, an eminent member of the party who was released from prison by reason of the expiration of his term of sentence. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested when the late prisoner made his appearance before his friends.

A Costly Leg for the Company.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11.—The Times Democrats' San Antonio, Texas, special says: In Judge King's court a jury gave a verdict against the Southern Pacific railroad company in favor of Charles N. Briggs for $30,000 damages. Briggs sued for $50,000 for the loss of a leg while in the company's employ.

Effect of Our Elections in Russia.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The Daily News' St. Petersburg dispatch says: The defeat of the high tariff party in America has had a depressing effect upon the ultra-protectionists of Russia, who had expected to carry everything in their favor before the tariff revision committee.

Sugar Trust Receivers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Gen. Henry W. Slocum, Henry O. Havemeyer and S. V. White have been appointed receivers of the sugar trust.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

Opinions of Prominent Men on the Late Elections.

WHAT SENATOR SHERMAN THINKS.

"The Women Did It," Because When They Went Shopping They Found Prices Were Higher—Senator Barbour Gratified Because It Was Not a Mercenary Campaign—He Says the Protective Party Made Their Elephant Too Big.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 8.—Congressmen are beginning to come back to Washington from the scenes of Tuesday's battls and they are not backward in giving reasons for the Democratic victories. Senator Sherman reached the city Friday afternoon from New York. "The women did it," was his laconic reason for the tidal wave. "They found the prices higher when they went shopping and the men had to vote against the tariff bill." Senator Chandler telegraphs that the New Hampshire legislature is Republican. A private dispatch from Governor Humphrey, of Kansas, says that the successor to Ingalls will be a Republican. This would indicate that the Farmers Alliance men who are pledged to vote against Ingalls are not willing to go to the extent of voting for a Democrat.

But Little Money Used.

Senator Barbour, who is a member of the Democratic national committee, says that very little money was used in the campaign. "It gratifies me," he says, "to know that this was not a mercenary campaign, that it was not a bought verdict which the people of the country rendered."

In answer to a question whether he thought the success attained by the Democracy to be permanent, Senator Barbour said: "So far as the two great issues, the McKinley bill and the force bill, are concerned, I think that the great American jury has decided for all time. The silver bill seems also to have been a chisel which cut into the Republican ranks. It looks to me, also, as if for the first time in our recent American politics the agricultural population has come to the front. I do not mean the Farmers' Alliance, as an organization, but I mean that the southern and western farming people have asserted their own individualities, as it were—they have organized into a great army for battle. It also appears to me as if they had carried the laboring element with them."

An Elephant on Their Hands.

"Do you mean that the laboring element is not so unanimously in favor of protection as the Republicans have insisted?" was asked.

"My idea is that this protective party made their elephant too big. A fair tariff would have suited the country better. The people regard the McKinley bill as being a monopolistic measure, and as a prohibitive law, which cuts us off from the rest of the world."

The senator thinks it not at all unlikely that the next Democratic nominee for vice president will be from the south. He says that the Republican senators will not attempt to pass the elections bill.

Commissioner Thompson of the civil service says that he believes the fact that the South Carolina legislature will be largely composed of alliance men does not foreshadow Senator Hampton's defeat for re-election. He believes that Senator Hampton will be returned.

Ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, says that he thinks a strong effort will be made in the short session of the present congress to repeal the McKinley bill.

SOME ELECTION FIGURES.

Wilson, Dem., Elected State Treasurer in Illinois—The Legislature.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The Tribune prints the complete official returns of the election of state officers from every county of Illinois. They give Wilson, the Democratic candidate for state treasurer, a plurality of 6,863, and Raab, the Democratic candidate for superintendent of public instruction, a plurality of 35,726. The total vote of the state is 673,908 for state treasurer and only 271 votes more for superintendent of public instruction. In 1888 the total vote for president was 747,676. The falling off is 73,768, or less than 10 per cent. Consequently more than 90 per cent. of the presidential vote was cast. The Prohibition vote was over 20,000, or almost as much as in 1888, when Gen. Fisk polled 21,695. The total vote of Cook county this year was in round numbers 150,000. In 1888 it was 172,672.

Complexion of the Legislature.

The Democrats will have 100 votes in the Thirty-seventh general assembly of Illinois, the Republicans 101, and the F. M. B. A. 3. The senate will stand: Republicans, 27; Democrats, 24. The house make-up will be: Democrats, 76; Republicans, 74; F. M. B. A., 3. The Democratic state central committee and Gen. Palmer agree on the accuracy of these figures. There is a bare possibility that the totals will be changed by the official count. This is not probable, as all parties in interest have kept the telegraph wires hot with messages ever since the night of the election day and there is scarcely a shadow of doubt in the premises. Mr. Palmer and the Democratic party must get all the F. M. B. A. to win the senatorship. Cockrell beat a Democrat, Holtzlaw, in the Forty-fourth district, and Taubeneck prevailed over Alexander Wilson, Democrat, in the Forty-fifth.

Michigan Democratic by 10,000.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 6.—It is safe to predict from late returns that the state is Democratic by 10,000 majority and that the legislature will be Democratic on fusion vote with Patrons of Industry. The Democrats elect congressmen in the First, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Tenth districts; the Republicans in the Third, Fourth and Eighth. The Republicans claim the Eleventh district and that the Ninth is going in their favor, but the Democrats claim both districts as doubtful.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 7.—The First, Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Tenth districts return Democratic congressmen, and the Third, Fourth, and Eleventh Republican congressmen. With several precincts to hear from in each the Eighth district shows a small Democratic majority and the Ninth a small Republican majority.

Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 6.—Late returns from Sullivan county indicate the election of George M. Peakes, Dem., for assembly instead of Rose. Unless official returns make further changes in the list the assembly will stand 68 Democrats to 60 Republicans, and the Democrats will have a majority on joint ballot in the legislature.

Semi-official returns from all the counties give the Democrats eleven out of thirteen congressmen, the states ticket by 16,000 majority and control of both branches of the legislature.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—One thousand and ninety-four precincts out of a total of 2,198 in the state, including 167 precincts in San Francisco, gives the following figures: Markham, Rep., for governor, 83,019; Pond, Dem., 72,959. Markham's plurality 10,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—Returns from 1,354 precincts in this state, including 203 precincts in this city give Markham, Rep., for governor 95,203; Pond, Dem., 80,859; Markham's plurality, 14,324. These figures represent the vote of about two-thirds of the precincts of the state.

Elected Democratic Congressmen.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 6.—The Republicans concede the election of Danell, Dem., in the Second congressional district by a plurality of 50 to 60. This gives the Democrats the two congressmen from this state. Both parties claim the legislature. The Republican say they have chosen 13 and possibly 15 senators and will have a good working majority in the house. The Democrats give the Republicans 12 senators, and say there is no choice in one senatorial district. They continue to claim the house and a majority of the legislature on joint ballot.

New York Estimates.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The latest estimates give the Democrats in the next house of representatives 236 members and the Republicans 96.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Nov. 7.—According to the latest returns, Hosea H. Rockwell, Dem., is elected to congress from the Twenty-eighth district by less than 100 plurality. The Republicans, however, still claim Noyes' election by a very small plurality. The district is composed of Chemung, Seneca, Schuyler and Tompkins county.

Minnesota Returns.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 7.—Official and unofficial returns from all except seven counties in the state give Merriam, Rep., 73,628; Wilson, Dem., 76,348. Both parties still claim the state—the Republicans by 1,000 and the Democrats by 600. Halverson, Farmers Alliance, is probably elected to congress in the Fifth district, and Baker, Dem., Farmers Alliance, claims his election in the Second. If this proves to be the case the congressional delegation will stand Democrats three, Alliance two.

Nearly Complete Iowa Returns.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 6.—Nearly complete unofficial returns on secretary of state, with a few counties partly estimated, show that McFarland, Rep., has a plurality of 2,183. The remainder of the state ticket is probably divided, as McFarland leads the ticket. The latest congressional returns elect Henderson, Rep., in the Third district by a majority of 272, and Flick in the Eigth district by a majority of 323. The state delegation in congress will stand six Republicans and five Democrats.

Close Election in Colorado.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 6.—The official returns will be required to determine the result of the election in this state. The Democrats claim they have elected the state treasurer, attorney general and superintendent of public instructions. The Republicans concede the treasurer and a large Democratic gain in the assembly but not sufficient to give the Democrats a majority. Out of eight representatives in this county the Democrats claim six; the Republicans concede four.

The Washington Election.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 7.—Complete returns from all but three counties of the state of Washington give Wilson, Rep., for congress, 18,030; Carroll, Dem., 13,021. This is thought to be more than one-half of the total vote. Wilson's complete majority will probably be between 7,000 and 8,000. In 1889 his majority was 9,547. The legislature stands: Senate, Republicans, thirty-one; Democrats, 2; doubtful, 1. House, Republicans, sixty-one; Democrats, seventeen.

The Connecticut Legislature.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 6.—The legislature stands: Senate, Republicans 8; Democrats 16; house, Republicans, 134; Democrats 117, with one district to hear from. Republican majority on joint ballot, 8 or 10. The congressional delegates are as follows: First district, Lewis Sperry, Dem; Second, W. F. Wilcox, Dem.; Third, Charles A. Russell, Rep.; Fourth, Robert E. Deforrest, Dem. The legislature will have to settle the election of governor.

Republicans Carry South Dakota.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Nov. 7.—The press report has returns showing that the entire Republican state ticket is elected. Reports from all but two senatorial and nine representative districts show that the Republicans have one majority in the senate, the house standing sixty-one Republicans and fifty-three Democrats and Alliance men. Thirty-one counties out of fifty-one give Pierre 7,050 majority for the state capital.

The Election in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 7.—Chairman Buchanan of the state committee says that all except eighteen counties in Kansas give Humphrey, Rep., for governor, 4,989 plurality, and that these counties will increase the plurality.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 7.—The legislature is now apparently against the re-election of Senator Ingalls by 15 votes at least and possibly 24.

The Next Congress.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—From the latest returns it appears that the senate, after March 4, 1891, will stand forty-two Democrats to forty-five Republicans, with one seat from New Hampshire in doubt. The house will have a Democratic majority of 154.

West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 6.—The Republicans concede a solid Democratic congressional delegation. Pendleton carries the First district by 300; Wilson, the second by 1,200, Alderson the third by 1,800, Cape Hart the Fourth by 400.

McKinley Concedes His Defeat.

TOLEDO, Nov. 6.—A Canton special says Warwick's election is conceded by McKinley by 300.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The visible supply of wheat and corn is, respectively, 21,235,381 and 7,017,335 bushels.

During the months of September and October 3,460 cars, or 69,200 head, of cattle passed east through Bismarck, N. D.

Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, started Tuesday on a three or four days' tour over the Donegal routes of the proposed railways.

A number of horseflesh restaurants have just been started in Berlin, and they are doing a brisk trade.

There were in operation in the south in 1889-90 as many as 1,624,335 spindles, against 561,360 in 1879 80.

The body of a farmer named O'Mahoney has been found on the roadside at Schull, Ireland. An investigation showed that he had been murdered. One man has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the crime.

China has 136 telegraph stations. The system is mainly controlled by the government, and the operators are all Danes.

The silk manufacturers of Germany have been completely crowded out of the European markets by the superior cheapness and excellence of French stuffs. The German wares are now chiefly exported to South America.

In an article upon Russia's relations to the leading European Powers the Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg dwells upon the peaceful auspices under which the winter season opens. All agree that the recent journeys of the Emperor of Germany have contributed to the establishment of the present satisfactory situation.

The population of Vienna by the annexation of several suburban villages now amounts to 1,300,000, ranking as Europe's fourth city in point of inhabitants.

The French minister of war lately offered a prize for the best bird in a flight from Perigueux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2,746 entries, and the winner did the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes.

Between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 gallons of wine will be made in the United States this year, of which California will produce more than half. Seven-eighths of the grapes of California go to wine press.

There are about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants on the globe. Of these 33,034,033 die annually.

Nearly £750,000 a year is paid by the British government for the carriage of mails.

Two of the albums sent to the international exhibition of postage stamps at Vienna were insured for £2,500 and £3,000 respectively.

The number of women who avail themselves of the co-educational privileges offered by the Michigan university is constantly increasing.

The sum needed to give Jessie Benton Fremont the cottage at Los Angeles, where the widow and daughter now reside, and clear up some debts, is about $10,000. This will probably be raised.

The Yosemite valley has had 3,200 visitors this season.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners.

The first and only modern windmill in London is to be seen at work on the top of a ware house in City road, London.

The Austrian minister of public instruction requests masters of public schools to cultivate a taste for athletics among their boys.

A young girl rode her horse through a store door at Lynchburg, Va., the other afternoon, made her purchase, said good by and backed gracefully out.

The customs committee of the French chamber of deputies has concluded its general debate on the new tariff bill. The committee, by a vote of 34 to 5, has adopted the principle of a double tariff.

It was a very early morning wedding which took place in a Catholic church in Reading, when a fashionable couple were married at 6:30 o'clock.

All salmon fishing with nets in Commencement bay, Wash., has been stopped by the breaking of the nets, owing to the great abundance of the catch.

Russell B. Harrison has been elected a member of the New York Press club.

Adam Monts, of Bigby Fork, Miss., who is 94 years of age, has 400 descendants living.

Sister Rose Gertrude, the pretty young English woman, who created a great sensation by attempting to spend her life among the lepers of Molokai, one of the Sandwich islands, is now a governess in the family of John Eng, superintendent of the Inter-island Steam Navigation company at Honolulu.

Judge Stephen J. Field, who has sat on the bench of the United States supreme court for more years than any of his fellow justices now living, was 74 years old Wednesday, and feels a good deal younger.

William Waldorf Astor was offered 5 cents a word for a story of 12,000 words. Mr. Astor accepted the offer, conditioned upon his being able to find a good theme during his present trip abroad.

The heirs of John Ericsson have presented the inventor's models to the Metropolitan museum, in New York.

Cats to the number of 547 make a cat show at the Crystal palace, London, this year.

Five hundred children under 10 years of age were taken into custody last year in London as drunk and incapable.

At a meeting held at Philadelphia Thursday night for the relief of the suffering in Ireland, and at which Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon and others of their party made speeches, Postmaster John Fields, who acted as treasurer, presented a subscription list which footed up $12,885.

The work of piping natural gas to Huntington, Ind., was finished Thursday.

E. R. Heath, of Des Moines, offers to build a $75,000 oatmeal mill in Fort Dodge, Iowa, if the city will donate him a site and give him free tax and water for ten years.

Thursday at St. Louis Congressman William H. Hatch announced himself as candidate for speaker to succeed Mr. Reed.

Standard time has been fully accepted in Asia by not less than 40,000,000 people, in Europe by almost an equal number, and in America by more than 60,000,000.

The statue to the memory of William Denning, manufacturer of the cannon used by the Americans in the war of the revolution, was unveiled at Newville, Pa., Thursday.

The Croton, New York, aqueduct is now practically completed and in use. The supply is 318,000,000 gallons of water per day.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has commissioned Edward Burgess to design for him a forty-five foot sloop yacht, with which he hopes to capture the championship next year.

Thursday at New York Henry Humphrey died from an epileptic fit caused by hard drinking. Ten years ago he inherited a fortune of $100,000 and he had scarcely drawn a sober breath since.

Mr. Jackson, of the British treasury department, has returned to London after arranging with Irish contractors for the construction of railways in the west of Ireland. Work is to be begun immediately.

Thursday night the cooper shop of the Philadelphia Cooperage company, the soap factory and spice mill of P. C. Tomson and a large storage warehouse belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad company at Philadelphia were burned causing a loss of $85,000, covered by insurance.

Some wealthy New York ladies contemplate founding a big daily newspaper next year.

It is said that Hitt's election in the Sixth Illinois Congressional district will be contested by Ashton, the defeated Democrat.

A tunnel to Prince Edward Island across Northumberland straits, a distance of six and one-half miles, is the next great engineering feat talked of in Canada.

There is a tremendous activity in the toy division of the patent office, especially in automatic toys that can talk and walk.

A tabulated statement is published, showing that the Democrats of Massachusetts polled 17,760 fewer votes for congressional candidates than they polled in 1888.

James Lick, the philanthropist, left $150,000 to San Francisco for free baths—a real wash house for the working poor who have no baths at home. The institution is now ready and open.

An organization modeled after the American Chantauqua Literary and Scientific circle, has been organized in Great Britain, under the name of the National Home Reading union.

Railroad statistics show that no one car on a train is safer than another.

The largest cotton mill in the south is now being erected in Florence, Ala., by New England capitalists. It will have 53,500 spindles.

A Pullman palace car recently passed from St. Louis to New York, which was chartered especially for the transportation of two valuable dogs.

Gross earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad for September were $3,908,161; net earnings, $1,903,161; net earnings, $1,382,979.

H. C. Wheeler, of Odebolt, has under cultivation the largest farm in Iowa. It comprises 5,200 acres, every foot of which is under cultivation.

Every house in Winslow, Pike county, Ind., was burned Friday morning. There will be much suffering among the inhabitants.

Compressed paper is now used as a substitute for wood in the manufacture of shuttles and their wheels for looms.

A snuff-box containing three gold rings was unearthered in the excavation for an annex to the Niles works at Hamilton, Ohio.

The largest cotton planter in the world is James S. Richardson, of New Orleans, who owns 49,000 acres of cotton land and employs 9,000 negroes. He has refused an English syndicate's offer of $32,500,000 for his plantations.

The London board of trade returns for October show that the imports decreased £490,000 and the exports increased £280,000 during the month as compared with those for the corresponding month last year.

When Stanley was in this country before he received $125 for each lecture. Now he will receive $500 and for the grand opening in New York $5,000. His home will be in a private car.

Sig. Succi, the Italian faster, had lost ten pounds at 3 p. m. Friday, after thirty-nine hours of going without food.

The Peruvian government has placed a tariff of 5 cents a pound (our money) on lard imported into that country.

Business failures for the week number 218, compared with 218 last week, and 267 in the corresponding week of 1889.

One-half of the lead and zinc ore used in the United States is mined in Jasper and Newton counties, Mo.

Widow Alcorn and her 13-year-old daughter, of Louisville, have married two of their boarders.

Three German steamers, costing in all about $125,000, are to be placed on the African lakes. Germany is determined to push her trade on the Dark Continent.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle, which was organized in 1878 with a membership of 700, has now 17,000 circles located in all parts of the world, including a branch at the Cape of Good Hope.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 630 feet long by 120 in breadth.

Buffalo has a firm named Irish & English. What is equally curious, Mr. English is an Irishman and Mr. Irish is an Englishman.

An Englishman has been astonishing old Rocky mountain hunters by killing grizzly bears with explosive bullets charged with dynamite.

A coaloil barrel exploded at a Democratic jubilee in Huntingdon, Pa., Saturday night, and John and Henry Winters were so badly burned that they will lose their eyesight.

Diphtheria at Lexington, Ills., has caused the closing of the public schools. One or two children have died from the disease.

Andrew Strondell's 5-year-old daughter was burned to death at her home in Sioux Valley, Minn., Saturday. Her clothes caught fire from a stove.

Mrs. Vogel shot and killed Dd Eraub, a boy, in Louisville, Ky., Saturday night, because he refussd to get off her fence, where he was sitting.

A passenger train and a train loaded with gunpowder came into collision near Bochum, Germany. The explosion that followed was heard for miles around. The two engineers and several passengers were injured, but no one is reported to have been killed.

Al the prisoners in the Nelson county, W. Va jail, ten in number, including three murderers, have escaped.

Mr. Balfour is confined to his apartments in Dublin castle with a severe cold, the result of exposure in Donegal. He is unable to attend to official business.

A Delaware cow didn't seem to feel well for a month or two, but lived on until killed by a bolt of lightning. Then she was post-mortemed and two pounds of nails and glass found in her stomach, and a ten-penny nail had also imbedded itself in her heart.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—W. J. Scanlan in "Myles Aroon."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers in "A Straight Tip."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Amberg's German Opera Co.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Southeast corner of State and Randolph sts.—Stoddard Lectures.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
west Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—International Specialty Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Devil's Mine."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Boy Tramp."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"One of the Finest."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

THE PRESIDENTIAL OUTLOOK.

In the interests of good government, it is always well to have the two great political parties of a country so closely matched in strength that neither can afford to defy, in a serious manner, the will of the people. Within the last two years, the American people have shown a capacity for self-government that reflects enduring credit on republican institutions. Millions of men, at the ballot box, have won and lost battles as important in their bearings on the economical interests of America as were Saratoga and Gettysburg on her political fortunes.

Native and foreign born citizens alike have shared in the glory of these constitutional exhibitions, for even the vanquished party—Democratic one year and Republican the next—could not fail to respect a system that made revolution possible without resort to force of any kind. Out of the radiance of victory or the gloom of defeat, the form of America appears more glorious than ever to all of her children whether, in the partisan sense, victorious or vanquished. A nation that can so govern itself need never dread the encroachments of foreign foe or domestic despot. As Grattan grandly said, but said in vain, to the recovered liberties of his country, *esto perpetua!* No American, whether native or naturalized, can help beholding the magnificent edifice of American liberty without a thrill of patriotic pride.

But now that the battle is over and the wounds of but a few days ago are beginning to heal, the leaders of the party last defeated are beginning to ask themselves how it all happened. Congressman McKinley has been made the scapegoat of the country, but, as THE CITIZEN pointed out last week, other causes besides the McKinley bill operated against the Republicans. Fortunately for Major McKinley, his dauntless courage and massive intellect make him respected even in defeat. He erred in judgment, it is true, but his motives were excellent, and no stain can rest upon the patriotism of a soldier who defended the life of his country in the day of danger, and who, as a statesman, has the courage of his convictions and is willing to stand or fall with them. McKinley is still young, and his political career is by no means terminated. He claims that when the people come to understand his bill, they will reverse their judgment, but THE CITIZEN is of opinion that the popular verdict cannot be reversed within the period that intervenes between today and the season of presidential election in 1892. Those who have personal knowledge of the undoubted ability of Congressman McKinley are astonished that he should have so misjudged the sentiment of the country. A retrograde movement in face of an adversary—particularly when that adversary has been signally victorious—is in politics, as in war, a most perilous maneuver. But, under the circumstances, the Republican party must change front on the McKinley tariff measure or face inevitable and ruinous defeat two years from now. The Democratic party knows full well that the verdict of Nov. 4 h was not against protection, but the abuse of protection. It will govern itself accordingly. The adoption by it of a free trade standard bearer would land it again where Cleveland's rashness landed it in 1888 The best thing that could happen the Republican party would be the adoption by its rival of a free trade platform. The long heads among the Democrats will never permit the adoption of such a platform without a bitter fight. This element of the party will, doubtless, prefer Hill to Cleveland.

The Republicans, on the other hand, seem to be again turning for leadership in the coming struggle to Mr. Blaine. The latter has, like the Chicago *Tribune*, which seems to be advocating his candidacy, escaped the odium of the late Republican defeat, because of his well known opposition to the McKinley bill, and is, consequently, looked upon as the most available man in his party. But will Blaine make the sacrifice? He is advancing in years, and he will not, most likely, view the prospect of facing the Democratic party, excited by recent victory, with feelings of joy. He had the field of nomination all to himself in 1888, and nothing could induce him to accept the leadership, although, in the light of after events, he was certain of election. It would be odd, indeed, to see the presidential rivals of 1884 pitted against each other again in 1892. If such a thing should come to pass, it is to be hoped that the moral filth hurled at the respective candidates in the first mentioned campaign will be eliminated from the struggle. The new fight between Blaine and Cleveland would demonstrate to a nicety how the country really stands on the issues of protective reciprocity and tariff for revenue. From the very desirable platform of independent journalism, THE CITIZEN views the possibilities of the future with patriotic interest.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATES.

The Irish parliamentary delegation, headed by Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, appear to be having a most successful experience in the East. They raised during last week about $40,000 in New York, and nearly half that amount in Philadelphia. In the former city, Gov. Hill, Mayor Grant, Joseph J. O'Donohue and Eugene Kelly were among the contributors. The subscriptions were given for the purpose of sustaining the Irish agitation for home rule. If famine should become imminent, Gov. Hill assured the delegates, the subscriptions would be increased a hundred fold, because all Americans, of whatever race or creed, would cheerfully contribute to such a fund. The Governor said also that the American people, as an overwhelming body, cared nothing at all about whether England liked America's attitude or otherwise—the Americans were in favor of Irish liberty, no matter who might oppose it. The Governor's speech elicited a perfect storm of applause. The speeches of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were terse and well put, from their standpoint. They received an ovation. It is expected that the Irish delegation will reach this city on Nov. 25, and that they will speak here on the evening of the 27th. Measures have already been taken for their reception.

THE LATE PROF. GALBRAITH.

The death of Prof. Galbraith removes from the ranks of the advocates of home rule not only a consistent Nationalist, but also a very able and accomplished scholar. Born and reared in associations of an anti-Irish character, Galbraith at an early age shook off the prejudice and cant of a school of thought, according to which the vast majority of his countrymen were regarded in the light of Hottentots. His career in Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated, was a brilliant success from start to finish, and his studies were rewarded with a fellowship in that institution. It may have been within its classic precincts, hallowed by memories of Robert Emmet and its other true and tried, and patriotic, alumni, that Galbraith first felt the electric current of Irish nationality, although his nationalism was not altogether of such a robust type as that of the Irish Republicans of '98; but the fact remains that he was from his youthood, and remained throughout life, an enthusiastic supporter of every project for the establishment of an independent parliament in College Green. Having been admitted to holy orders in the Anglican church, he was appointed professor of Trinity College, and in that position he and Prof. Haughton compiled several treatises on mathematics which immediately became favorite handbooks in the various schools and seminaries throughout Ireland. The Professor was, with Isaac Butt, Father O'Malley, and others, one of the original founders of the home rule movement. He nobly braved the bias and rancor of his colleagues in Trinity, and of many of his co-religionists in Dublin, by throwing himself heart and soul into the uprising against the rule of Westminster, and by defending in the press and on the platform the much maligned peasantry of Ireland. The Professor would have entered parliament as a Parnellite, were it not for the legal disability preventing clergymen of his church from having a seat in the house. Prof. Galbraith was in social life one of the most genial of men and companions. He had a loving disposition, a quiet, innocent humor, and a fund of charming anecdote which endeared him to all who knew him. He was, moreover, one of the most tolerant of Irishmen, and had as hearty and warm a regard for men of the Mitchel stamp, as he had for those of a less masculine brand.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

The twenty-third anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs will be celebrated at Central Music hall, this city, on Saturday evening, Nov. 22 Mr. M. J. Keane will preside, and the orators of the evening will be ex Mayor O'Brien, of St. Paul, Minn., and the Hon. Matthew P. Brady. As one of the annual events which serve to keep alive the spirit of true patriotism in the hearts of the Irish race, whose love for America is none the less strong because they love Ireland too, this anniversary celebration should be marked by a fervor not second to any that has yet been shown in memory of the men who died at Manchester twenty-three years ago, for the cause of Tone, Fitzgerald and Emmet. THE CITIZEN hopes that the attendance will be larger than on any previous occasion, and it knows that the sentiment of the occasion is in able, eloquent and patriotic hands.

MORE GAELIC BOOKS.

The number of books of Celtic language and literature that have been published during the last year or two, is perfectly astonishing. It is safe to say that more books of the kind mentioned have been published within the last ten years than were published during the forty preceding ones. This shows plainly that the Irish, at home and abroad, in every country in which they are located, are at last beginning to hold up their heads; they seem determined that they will not suffer the true and only marks of their ancient nationhood to be obliterated and lost. They seem at last to have become aware of the fact that they are, at least by birth right, a nation; and seem also determined that no matter how far off in the future Ireland's day of political resurrection may be, she will never cease to put forth her claims to a distinct nationality, and will not allow herself to be swallowed up—or down—in the capacious maw of Anglo-Saxonism.

On the very heels of the publication of the greatest Gaelic book that had ever been published, the "Three Shafts of Death," by Dr. Keating, comes the publication of, in one sense, a still more important book, "Lives of Irish Saints" from the "Book of Munster," or as it is more frequently called, the "Book of Lismore." This last great contribution to Celtic literature has just been brought out, and there is, probably, hardly a copy of it yet to be had on this side of the Atlantic. We have not yet seen the book, and consequently cannot tell what its size is, or what it is like; but from what we have heard of it, it is one of the most important and interesting Gaelic books ever published. It is edited by the learned and celebrated Dr. Whitley Stokes, who is undoubtedly the greatest Gaelic scholar ever Ireland produced, and the greatest living philologist as well. Since the days of O'Donovan and O'Curry, no Celtic scholar at all comparable to Mr. Stokes has appeared on the scene; and it would seem that his deep learning in Gaelic throws into the shade even the resplendent acquirements of O'Donovan. Mr. Stokes is not one of those fickle minded Celtiologists who are hot today and cold tomorrow; he never ceases to follow his favorite study. When he is not busy translating or editing some old Irish book, he is in Italy hunting up Gaelic manuscripts in the library of the Vatican, or in Oxford or the British Museum doing the same thing, or in London writing about Gaelic matters to the *Academy*. He is, in fact, an ubiquitous and untiring Celtiologist, and the Celtic race should never forget his herculean toil among Celtic manuscripts, and the profound learning which he has brought to bear on their elucidation and translation. As soon as THE CITIZEN procures a copy of the last great work of Dr. Stokes, it will print a lengthened review of it.

It may be said that such works as the "Three Shafts of Death," and the "Lives of Irish Saints" that lived more than a thousand years ago, can only interest scholars and savants, and that their publication can not be accepted as a sign of any new and general interest being taken in the Irish language. Granted; but when a second edition of Dr. Hyde's "Leabhar Sgeuluigheachda," or story book, is already called for after the first edition having been published only about a year ago, it shows that it is not only "scholars and savants" that are taking an intelligent interest in the Irish language, but the rank and file of the people. The first edition of the last mentioned book contained a thousand copies. The price of it was five shillings, British money; a very high price, it must be admitted, for a small book of less than three hundred pages, bound in paper. In spite of the comparative dearness of the book, the first edition seems to be all sold; if it were not, it is hardly likely that a second edition of it would be announced.

Gaelic scholars need not be afraid that they will soon reach the end of their labors,—that the mine of old Gaelic literature will soon be worked out. Thanks to the literary ability and industry of our free forefathers, the ruined and broken relics of the literature they left us, is colossal even in its fragments. Had all ancient Irish writings been spared, had the fierce and plundering Dane, and the hardly less savage Norman and Cromwellian not destroyed most of our ancient literature, it would probably be greater in volume than the literature of all other ancient peoples put together. Enough of it, however, remains to show that ancient free Ireland was the greatest book producing country that the world had ever known prior to the discovery of the art of printing.

IT must not be forgotten that there are Democratic, as well as Republican, Azure Snoots. Their noses must be clipped wherever they show themselves.

WELL, no matter who may be in power, America is always "on top."

THE Catholic Clergy Fund Association of the Archdiocese of Chicago met at the Cathedral on Wednesday and elected the following officers: President, Archbishop P. A. Feehan; first vice-president, Rev. T. P. Hodnett; second vice-president, Rev. R. W. Nestraeter; treasurer, Rev. P. D Gill; secretary, Rev. D. Hishin; board of management, Revs. B. P. Murray, E Murphy, M. Barth, P. J. Tynan.

MATTERS are mighty close in the legislature betwhen Farwell and Palmer.

ILLINOIS went Democratic! Where were the 10,000 Irish Republican votes that used to keep the State in line? Ask the U.O.D.

TOM REED, of Maine, is not as big a man as he was a few weeks ago. There is only one big man from Maine after all.

THE Irish, of all parties, are feralnst the U.O.D. Azure is not a pretty color in the human proboscis.

"THIS battle is completely lost," said Desaix to Bonaparte, when he came upon the field of Marengo at the period of disaster. "There is time, however," he said, looking at his watch, "to gain another today." Blaine can now say to Harrison, "This battle is completely lost, but we may have time to gain another in 1892." By the way, coming to think of it, Desaix, although he gained the victory, fell at Marengo. The comparison is not entirely cheerful. Bonaparte reaped the fruits of the sacrifice.

McKINLEY says he will go down "with his colors nailed to the mast." Bravo, Major, but remember "McGinty."

THE Irish Republican brigade was sadly missed this year in New York, Indiana and Illinois. Knownothingism must go.

THE Knownothing politicians who did not want the Irish in the Republican party would like to have them back again now. The Independent Irish vote was sadly missed on the Republican side Tuesday week. Perhaps the Knownothings will next try their hands in attempting to drive the Irish out of the Democratic party. The Independent German vote made itself felt pretty heavily also.

THE Republican party would have been all right if it only had "bucked" the Knownothing clowns off its back previous to election.

MCKINLEY did some of it, but not all. The Irish element cannot be insulted with impunity by any party.

THE Republican newspapers that used to say that only about five per cent of the Irish voted the Republican ticket know better now. The Democrats knew better all along.

Miss Starr's Lecture.

A most delightful evening is anticipated by all who mean to attend the intellectual feast promised by Miss Elise Allen Starr for the evening of Monday, Nov. 24, at Central Music Hall. The lecture will be given for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital, whose important new additions and improvements are being fast pushed to completion, and which will be described in detail in a later issue of THE CITIZEN. St. Joseph's has hosts of friends, and already a great number of tickets have been purchased. Central Music Hall is certain to be crowded, and lecturer and audience are sure to be worthy of the noble charity in which they take so deep an interest. Tickets may be had from the Sisters at the hospital, from Mr. Thomas Brenan, County Building, Mrs. Dr. Reynolds, Webster avenue, and THE CITIZEN office.

MATRIMONIAL.

BOHANON-ST. CLAIR.

Miss Lucretia St. Clair and Mr. Charles Henry Bohanon were united in marriage at St. Jarlath's church, the Rev. Father Cox officiating, last Wednesday evening. The nuptials were very largely attended, the church being filled almost to overflowing by the friends of the contracting parties. The groomsmen were Messrs. William Shaw and William Myer. The best man was Mr. William Eagle. The brides maids were Miss Florence Bohanon and Miss Stella Horn. Miss Minnie Reed was the maid of honor. Messrs. Joseph Reed, Theodore Eagle and George Bohanon were the ushers. The wedding reception was held at the residence of the bride's brother in law, ex Congressman James H. Ward, No. 524 West Jackson street, and was a most brilliant social event. The presents were numerous and magnificent. Mr. and Mrs. Bohanon left for an extended bridal tour in the East on the evening train. They will be at home to their friends at No. 760 West Adams street. Their first post reception will be held on Jan. 7, and a second one a week later.

Hibernian Ball.

Company "E" of the Hibernian Rifle Regiment, will give its second military ball at Stivore's Hall, State and Forty-third streets, this (Saturday) evening, Nov. 15. In addition to music and dancing there will be an exhibition drill by the company. Tickets 50 cents.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[From Davitt's Labor World.]

The British consul in New York is fastidious in the form and manner of accusation. He has asserted, in an interview on the subject of our revelations of last week, that the writer has "shifted his position." Let us see if this is so, and let us try if we can put in the plainest possible English the charges that we have felt it our duty to make against the late Sir Edward Archibald, Mr. Hoare's predecessor, and against the present incumbent, Mr. Hoare himself. We declare that in October, 1883, "Red Jim" McDermott was enlisted in the secret service of the British consulate of New York, in the manner which has been related in the second issue of the *Labor World*; that Red Jim suggested to Sir E. Archibald a subscription should be made to O'Donovan Rossa's dynamite fund; that one hundred dollars were given to M'Dermott by Archibald for that purpose; that fifty dollars of that money was handed by Red Jim to Rossa, and acknowledged by the latter in his paper, *The United Irishman*; and that, upon Archibald informing Dublin Castle of the nature of some of the documents stolen by M'Dermott, from Rossa's office, Mr. Jenkinson cabled to the British consulate in New York to send Red Jim across to Ireland.

These were the first statements which Mr. Hoare attempted, in behalf of the memory of Sir E Archibald, to deny. But how did he deny them? By entering into a gratuitous eulogy of the character of his dead predecessor, and by endeavoring to ride off on a side issue, by ridiculing the idea that "the British government would employ its own agents to blow up the house of commons." The weakness of this form of denial needs no comment. The writer of these articles never said, or even insinuated, that the "British government," as the term is understood, employed Red Jim, or in any way sanctioned the criminal plots and proceedings of that accomplished scoundrel. But what we did say, and repeat, is, that *the secret service* of the British government *did* so employ M'Dermott, and that Mr. Hoare, in New York, and Mr. Jenkinson, on this side, supplied money to M'Dermott for the purpose of promoting dynamite agitation, in order to entrap suspected Fenians, through bogus dynamite conspiracies. Surely Mr. Hoare can find something definite enough in this accusation. The "British government" of 1883 knew probably as little of Red Jim's doings, as the "British government" of 1887 knew of the dynamite expedition which some of Mr. Hoare's other agents came over to France and England to promote during the jubilee celebrations of that year. But we are again anticipating some of the facts belonging to that part of our story to which the exploits of Richard Pigott chronologically belong. We will, for the present, try to satisfy Mr. Hoare that we have not "shifted our position" one iota.

We say that in 1883 Mr. Hoare sent one of his agents into the postoffice of New York for the purpose of using such office in the manner related by the writer of these articles. We assert that Mr. Hoare actually suggested and planned this illegal tampering with the New York postoffice; that Inspector Jarvis, of Scotland Yard, introduced Mr. Matt O'Brien to federal Postoffice Inspector Newcombe, by and through whom O'Brien was enabled to open boxes, open letters, stamp letters, and do anything else which the agent of Mr. Hoare was instructed to do, in furtherance of the policy of the secret service. Is this sufficiently definite, Mr. Hoare?

To those of our readers on this side of the Atlantic who have seen Mr. Hoare's "indignant denial" of our charges, we can offer the following virtual corroboration of our allegations against the British consul in New York. Inspector Newcombe, like Mr. Hoare, has been interviewed. He also gives a "denial" to our statements concerning him. Here it is:

"Inspector Newcombe, of the New York postoffice, says the story told by Davitt, to the effect that he gave O'Brien, an agent of the British government, an appointment in the postoffice, is untrue. O'Brien was not employed there, but had received the courtesies of the office, having been introduced to him (Newcombe) by a friend who was a Scotland Yard detective.

"Mr. O'Brien constantly visited the offices during a period of six months, and Mr. Newcombe says that he has not now the slightest doubt that O'Brien was an agent of the British government.

"But, Mr. Newcombe adds, Davitt is entirely wrong in stating that he was allowed to tamper with the mail at the New York postoffice. That would have been entirely impossible unless O'Brien had the co operation of the different superintendents of the office. He had some letters sent to my care, but he never suggested that he would like to be allowed behind the partition of the office where the business was carried on."

We venture to think that in this statement of "denial" a virtual confirmation of our allegations of Mr. Hoare's tampering with the New York postoffice is to be found. We did not say, in our references to Inspector Newcombe, that he "gave employment" to Mr. O'Brien. What we asserted was, "That by Mr. Hoare's influence a federal postoffice official named Newcombe gave O'Brien charge of keys and stamps which enabled him to open letters," etc., etc. Newcombe practically confirms this out of his own mouth. He knew right well for what purpose O'Brien had the run of the New York postoffice.

Mr. Newcombe was no stranger to the game that was being played by the British consulate and it agents. He knows, as well as we do, that it was arranged by O'Brien that whenever any of the suspected Fenians called for the letters which O'Brien, by bogus Fenian communications and the aid of the date stamps of the post-office, informed them would be found at the office, a clerk was to hold up a red card as a signal to O'Brien that one of his dupes was at the window. Mr. Newcombe cannot have forgotten all this, nor yet the additional fact of giving O'Brien the use of his card and name when Mr. Hoare and his agent deemed it necessary to have suspected Fenians, residing outside of New York, visited for the purposes of the secret service of the consulate. This is not news to Mr. Newcombe, though it may seem a trifle strange to the federal postal authorities to have a Scotland yard impostor and a paid agent of Mr. Hoare enabled to play the game of the English secret service behind the mask of the postal service of the republic of the United States. We say once more that all this was suggested, planned, paid for, and carried out by Mr. Hoare, through his agents, in violation of the laws of the United States, and of the courtesies extended to him as a representative of her Majesty's government. Perhaps Mr. Hoare may deem this to be a "shifting" of our position?

We further allege and repeat that Mr. Hoare sent Red Jim to Canada in 1883, and supplied him with money with which to promote dynamite agitation in Montreal and other Canadian cities; that he communicated with Dublin Castle, and requested that permission should be asked from the Canadian authorities for an assent to McDermott's—or, rather, Mr. Hoare's—mission and a protection for "Jim" while so employed. And we again take pleasure in stating that such a request was indignantly scouted by the Canadian government in words of which the following sentence is the substance: "Our duty is to detect crime—not to encourage its perpetration." And finally—that is, for the present—we repeat again that when McDermott was exposed in Montreal Mr. Hoare supplied him with money with which to return to New York, and then gave him more money to enable him to embark for Liverpool on board the Inman liner City of Montreal, which sailed from New York on July 25, 1883.

These are the charges which—for the present—we make against the British consul in New York. We think they are sufficiently definite and damaging to call for something more than an "indignant" denial, that is, if Mr. Hoare wants the public of two hemispheres to believe him innocent of the charges of gross diplomatic rascality which we have laid at his door. We shall not allow him to shirk the issue we have raised by his declared willingness to leave the matter in the hands of the home government. The charges we make shall not rest here. They shall be discussed, word for word, when Mr. Hoare's salary as a servant of her Majesty's government comes up for consideration in the parliamentary estimates. We shall take good care that the British and Irish people shall know how and by whom large sums of public money have been expended in the employment of the Jim McDermotts, the Pinkertons, and other such agents in the promotion of dynamite plots and Fenian conspiracies for the basest of secret service purposes.

Having now, we hope, satisfied Mr. Hoare that we have not "shifted" our position, we will return to the doings of his agent, Red Jim.

McDermott was put on board the City of Montreal by the orders of the British Consulate of New York on the date mentioned above. And now comes a farce, worthy of the inventive genius of Mr. Hoare and Mr. Jenkinson. Upon the arrival of the City of Montreal in Liverpool, it was boarded by detectives, who arrested "Jim" on the orders of Mr. Jenkinson. "Jim" was searched, some documents of an "incriminating" character were found upon him, and he was hauled up the following morning before Mr. Stipendiary Mansfield on a charge of "conspiracy to murder." Here is the press announcement of the event:

"At the Liverpool police court on Tuesday, James McDermott, a man of gentlemanly appearance, about 40 years of age, was charged with conspiracy to murder. The prisoner had arrived by the mail steamer City of Montreal, from New York, and was arrested by Mr. Murphy, Chief of the Royal Irish Constabulary in Liverpool. It was understood that the prisoner had acted in connection with the men now taking their trial at the assizes, and in his possession was found the address of Head Centre Stephens. Mr. Murphy produced a telegram from the government in Ireland directing the apprehension of the prisoner, whom he arrested on Monday, and he now asked for a remand for eight days to enable him to communicate with the Irish constabulary. The prisoner said he should like to know what he was arrested for. It seemed to him it was a mistake, inasmuch as he was known on board the ship in his own name. It must have been on information given by the American government to the government of Great Britain, for he only left New York on July 26. He was an American citizen, and should call upon the American government to protect him. He had a right to be discharged now if some evidence was not brought against him. If the government had any proper accusation against him they should take him to Cork, where any charge could be investigated. The prisoner was remanded for a week."

The mockery of an "examination of the prisoner" was gone through several times, in the hope of creating a feeling among Irishmen in Liverpool and elsewhere that McDermott was, in reality, an agent of O'Donovan Rossa's; but the real nature of the whole proceedings began to dawn upon the magistrate, and the legal farce was brought to a close when the press, as well as the magistrate, discovered the little game that was being played low down upon the Liverpool stipendiary by the secret service agents of Dublin Castle.

During the Parnell Commission Mr. Davitt applied, through Mr. George Lewis, to the home secretary, for a copy of a record of the proceedings connected with Red Jim's examination at Liverpool. The reply was, that "no record of such examination had been kept!"

And now begins the second part of the romantic, if infamous, career of Red Jim, the Castle spy.

A month's detention in Walton jail, in the role of an "arrested Fenian," was enough for the gay and adventurous Chevalier of St. Sylvestre. He emerged from the prison in the dress of a coal-porter one night, in charge of a "Mr. Nicholson," one of Mr. Jenkinson's Dublin Castle agents. They left England for Switzerland, and Jim made Berne his headquarters for a time, putting up at the best hotels, and living, as was his wont, the gayest and most expensive of lives, thanks to the generous allowance of the Secret Service Fund. "Nicholson" finally took McDermott to Hamburg, where he left him. The pleasures of Hamburg soon became exhausted, while, in addition, it was too much frequented by Americans,

some of whom might possibly recognize a personage whose features and freaks were so well known to many a citizen of New York and Brooklyn. Therefore, on Oct. 19, 1883, Red Jim found himself in Copenhagen. Still pursued with the fear of possible recognition, he went to Stockholm, where he found hospitable reception from Mr. Thomas, the American Consul, who had crossed from New York in the City of Montreal, which brought Jim to Liverpool. He put up at the hotel King Karl, and, as usual, played well the part of a wealthy, independent gentleman; for "Jim" is no vulgar, untutored knave. Quite the contrary. He is an admirable conversationalist, has a fairly good address, and can either assume the manners of a gentleman or the character of a blackguard, as suits his purposes or tastes. He sings well, has, of course, traveled much, speaks fluently, and in faultless English. As a *raconteur* it would be difficult to find his superior, though the general tone and tendency of his stories would suggest the possibility of Emile Zola having listened to his narratives before conceiving the idea of writing "La Terre." Such qualities as these required something more than the company of "Mr. Nicholson," and the precautions of a hunted refugee, to satisfy. His "bankers"—the Secret Service Fund—found out before long what kind of a Frankenstein they had upon their hands. Long before "Jim" had jailed his Cork and London victims, Mr. Jenkinson had written to the British Consulate in New York wanting to know what kind of a devil incarnate had been sent over to him! Many more members of the secret service have found in Red Jim a costly, dangerous, and an inevitable blackmailer, whose mouth had to be kept closed by golden bribes, which enabled him to flit from one European capital to another during the past six years in the enjoyment of a life of luxury.

But we must return to Stockholm, where we left Jim domiciled in the Hotel King Karl. While staying in Stockholm he made the acquaintance of the Catholic priest there, introduced himself as a Chevalier of St. Sylvestre, and represented that he was secretary to the American Legation. In this manner he was enabled, during his year's residence in that city, to enjoy good society and engage in many congenial intrigues.

He left Stockholm in May, 1884, telling his friends that he was proceeding to Egypt as a war correspondent for a London paper. He went to Hamburg, from whence he wrote saying he had not received the expected journalistic commission; and from that time until 1885 nothing was heard of him by the American Legation at Stockholm. In Hamburg—this is his own story—he met a French countess, somewhat ancient, but wealthy, who became smitten with the Chevalier's gallant attentions. The usual result followed; only that in this instance the nuptial custom of the wife taking the husband's name was reversed, Jim emerging from the ceremony as the "Count de ——." The name having been given to the writer in confidence, he is not at liberty, without permission, to give it, or the addresses through which Jim occasionally corresponded with some of his previous chums of the secret service.

This is Red Jim's romantic story. It is his own statement—the statement of a man who has had the reputation of never having told the truth, except where a lie would not answer his purpose. The writer of these articles does not believe a single word of the narrative about the "Countess" or the marriage. It was the invention of the fertile "Jim," in order to account in some way to those with whom he has associated when in England—with Sir Francis F—— and other yachting celebrities—for the money with which he is always plentifully supplied for past and continued labors in the secret service.

One of "Jim's" exploits in Stockholm in 1886 will illustrate the uses to which the funds of the secret service are put by the corps of British "Pinkertons," who are in the employment of the intelligence department of the home office. We are again anticipating the course of events a little, as we are desirous of finishing with McDermott, in order to introduce a more important upholder of the cause of Union ism.

Shortly after the conversion of Mr. Gladstone to home rule in 1885, an agent of Mr. Hoare's in New York, who was high up in the councils of what remained of the Fenian Brotherhood in that city, suggested a mission to Katkoff, of Moscow, for the purpose of enlisting his anti-British feeling on the side of Irish revolutionary effort. It was likewise proposed, by this same agent of Mr. Hoare's (who was never suspected by his Fenian associates until after his death), that a dynamite movement should be inaugurated in London and Dublin in order to prevent, if possible, "the bartering away of Irish independence by Gladstone and Parnell for a mess of home rule." The proposal was accepted by those to whom it was made, and two emissaries set out from New York to fulfill the double mission. One of the two, it is believed, was fully convinced that the mission was a bona fide affair. The other, who was an agent of Mr. Hoare's, was on the inside track. The news of the departure of the "mission" was cabled to the head of the secret service on this side, and the usual precautions were taken. An ex-officer of colonial reputation, whom we will call "Colonel," was sent to Paris to await the arrival of the envoys. Red Jim, who was then in Berlin, was ordered to Brussels, there to await developments.

The "envoys" reached Paris in safety. They made out one Patrick Casey, whose name has already been mentioned in this narrative. They likewise called upon Gen. ——, whose name, for certain reasons, cannot be given just yet, and obtained from him a letter of introduction to Katkoff, of Moscow. The envoys were next introduced to the Colonel, who was sent from the intelligence department of the home office to watch their movements and learn their plans. The trio met frequently in the Hotel d'Alma, near the Madelaine. They discussed, among other projects, the assassination of Mr. Gladstone, the Colonel suggesting a particular kind of compressed air revolver by which the deed could be done noiselessly, and offering to sell to the "envoys" as many of these weapons as might be needed. The proposal was duly considered, and a report was sent off to London that a plot was on foot which had for object the life of the prime minister. The Colonel, who made this offer, has told the writer that he did it because he could, if the deed were done, trace the crime! One of the "envoys" left for London; the other prepared for a journey to Moscow—the Colonel being, of course, made acquainted with the plans and intentions of both, and duly communicating all to his superiors in London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

HE HAS THE MANGY JOY OF A MAN WITH THE ITCH.

Mr. Balfour, it is reported, is delighted with the reception he received from the famine afflicted peasantry of the West of Ireland.

SOUR GRAPES.

Balfour says he would have broken the law had he stopped O'Brien and Dillon from leaving Ireland. He says there was nothing to prevent them from going to Queenstown and boarding the first steamer for New York.

BOY ROBBERS.

Bernard Sweeney, Patrick Gorman and Andrew Tracey were convicted at New Ross of having robbed CharlesO'Brien on the public highway on Oct. 17. Tracey and Gorman got two months' hard labor and Sweeney one month.

PREPARING FOR A HARD WINTER.

Several robberies having recently occurred at New Ross, the police visited a ruin two miles from town and there found two youths named Tully and Roche, in possession of some kegs of beer, fowls, and other articles, which had been missed by townspeople. One of the lads had been reared in the workhouse, and was recently apprenticed to a locksmith. Tully was sentenced to nine months on two charges, and Roche to six months' hard labor.

HE PAYS NO RENT BUT HE IS NOT CONTENT.

Richard Mitchell, emergencyman, recovered £5 damages from the Carlow board of guardians, at the Carlow quarter sessions for loss sustained through the closing of his pound by an alleged illegal order made by the guardians. Mitchell's residence is the now disused town bridewell, which he occupies rent free.

DAMAGES FOR SLANDER.

A Mrs. Farrell, a cook, was awarded £35 damages at Mullingar quarter sessions in an an action against Mrs. Hodson, Larkfield, a former mistress, for slander and false imprisonment.

A JURYMAN AS FULL AS AN EGG.

At the Dundalk quarter sessions Thos. Rafferty was charged with stabbing James McGinn at Killinur, county Louth. A jury was sworn, and the case had proceeded some length when it was found a juryman was drunk. At the suggestion of the judge the prisoner pleaded guilty to common assault, and was let off on his own recognizance to appear when called upon.

REFUSED.

At the Drogheda quarter sessions an application for a new license for the Imperial Hotel, Drogheda, to Mr. Patrick Byrne, V.S., was refused on the ground that the original notice was not stamped. An application for a new license by Mr. Thomas Brady, West street, was also refused.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is not generally known that William O'Brien, M.P., was a widower previous to his marriage with Miss Raffalovich.—*Glasgow Observer.*

The once picturesque dwelling of the late Mr. Ball at Saltins was totally destroyed by fire recently.

County Court Judge DeMolyns, at the Abbeyleix quarter sessions, reversed a sentence of two months' imprisonment passed on John Bannon, of Rathdowney, for forcibly retaking possession of a house from which he had been evicted.

A mission was opened in Navan on the 19th ult. by Rev. Father Ring, O.M.I.

Mr. Robert English, J.P., Unionist, was elected chairman of the Athlone town commissioners.

Mr. Carew, M.P., is seriously ill. He is staying at present at his brother's residence, Kildangan.

The water supply in Carlow is defective.

On the 7th ult. Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, son of Thomas O'Carroll, Graigueville, Queen's county, left the Missionary College, Grignon Orly, Paris, for Sierra Leone.

MUNSTER.

WHOLESALE EVICTIONS AT CASHEL

Civil bill ejectments, at the suit of the Right Hon. Cornwallis Maude, Earl De Montalt, were posted in Cashel against the following tenants: John Ryan, Doorish; Patrick Carew, do; John Ryan (Kennedy), Srahvaville; Bridget Ryan, Peterhill; Thomas Ryan, Drumotway; John Ryan, Knockbawn; William Gorman, Carntradoo; Henry Ryan, Drumotway; Margaret Darmody, do; John Byrne (Big), Carrigeen; John Byrne (Ned), do; James Reilly, Gurtassa; Mary Ryan, do; James Ryan (Lar), do; Pat Slattery, do; Richard Dwyer, Toureen; Thomas Dwyer, Dromotway; Edward Ryan (Bawn), do; Bridget Ryan, Shahavarrella; Malachi Dwyer, Doorish; Norah Kenneday, Gatnaskehy; Cornelius Ryan, Shavarella; Cornelius Ryan, Mandemount; Cornelius Ryan, do. Civel bill ejectments, at the suit of Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, were also posted against the following: John Hanly, Mainstreet, Cashel; Michael Hanly, Creamery, do; Daniel Moloney, Thurlesbeg.

MURDER.

A party of five armed men visited the house of a farmer named Andrew Flanagan, near Liscanor, and fired four shots into the house. One of the bullets killed his daughter, Bridget, aged 23 years. The motive assigned is that Flanagan, who holds the farm of Ardnacra, under the McGraths, minors, who is looked on as a comfortable farmer, in the year 1885 put in a proposal to the court of chancery, where the estate is being administered, offering £60 for a portion of a farm in the townland of Shevenageeragh, from which a tenant named Miss Byrne and her sister had been evicted some twelve months previously. His proposal was accepted. He signed an agreement or lease to the court of chancery, agreeing to take the farm, the other portion of which is grazed by neighboring tenants. The agreement was for seven years, pending the majority of the minor landlords, and the rent was £60 annually. This action of Flanagan's gave rise to a system of boycotting. Flanagan, who was comparatively wealthy, and had the farm cheap, obtained police protection, which he retained for some time, but matters quieting down he had dispensed with protection for some time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. Father Walsh, C.C., Cappoquin, has been removed to the curacy of Tramore, in room of Rev. E. Dunphy, C.C., who has gone to America for a short time for the benefit of his health.

Three men of the farming class named James Griffin, John Connors, and Michael Leary were brought before Mr. A. M. Harper, R.M., at Ennis, on a charge of having entered the house of Thomas Custy, and taken therefrom a gun and a £3 note on the night of Oct. 19.

Rev. David Humphreys, Tipperary, was fined £20 on the charge of assaulting a woman, the wife of a police sergeant.

A convention of delegates appointed by various "suppressed" branches of the National League assembled at Ennis on Oct. 23, to promote the Tenants' Defense Association. The proceedings were most enthusiastic.

Jeremiah Corcoran recovered £100 damages from Capt. R. J. Rye, Ryecourt, for injuries inflicted on him by the latter.

A large meeting was held at Nenagh on Oct. 19, under the auspices of the Tenants' Defense Association.

The Rev. J. Brosnan, Duagh, and Rev. P. O'Flaherty, Castlegregory, were ordained to the priesthood in Killarney Cathedral on Oct. 19.

Thirty thousand francs, Peter's Pence from the archdiocese of Cashel, was presented to the Pope by Archbishop Croke.

Nearly 300 laborers waited on the board of guardians at Schull, to ask that some steps should be taken to supply them with work during the winter. The guardians passed a resolution calling on the government to provide employment.

The Cahir Traders' Association intend starting a news room.

The strike of Suir boatmen at Carrick on Suir still continues. Twenty extra police have been drafted into the town.

The farmer, Prendergast, who lives near Lismore, and who was so severely beaten by tinkers, who attempted to rob himself and some other farmers while coming from Dungarvan, is progressing favorably and will soon be in a position to give evidence against his assailants, who have been remanded pending Prendergast's recovery. It appears that the tinkers used freely some of their working implements in the fray. The tinkers also suffered severely.

When Malachi O'Dwyer, arrived at Goold's Cross station after his release from Tullamore prison, he was met by a large number of people, presented with a congratulatory address, and a procession was formed which escorted him to his home, four miles distant. Bonfires were lighted on the hillsides and public highways.

Extensive drainage works are to be carried out in the town of Lismore.

The annual produce of the Shannon salmon fisheries is estimated to exceed £40,000.

Lady Chetwood has allowed a 15 per cent reduction off the judicial rents to her Ahawill (Limerick) tenantry.

Owen McCarthy, who was stabbed during a drunken affray near Kilworth, has developed alarmingly dangerous symptoms, and his life is despaired of. Patrick Myles, who was arrested in connection with the affair and subsequently liberated on bail, has been again arrested and lodged in Fermoy bridewell.

The interest of a tenant named Peet, in a farm at Arabella, near Castleisland, containing 154a 1r 39p, and held at the yearly rent of £230, was sold in Tralee to farmer named Collins, from near Killarney for £1,300.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, has made the following changes in his diocese: The Rev. J. Russell, C.C., Killeagh, to be P.P., Coachford; Rev. J. Twomey, C.C., Kilnamartyra, to be C.C., Killeagh; and Rev. P. Leahy, from an English mission, to be C.C., Kilnamartyra.

A crowded and enthusiastic meeting was held in Cashel town hall in support of the Tenants' Defense Fund. The Very Rev. Dean Kinane presided, and Mr. T.J. Condon, M. P., was among the speakers. A subscription list was opened at the meeting and £60 contributed.

CONNAUGHT.

HARD LINES.

In the Belmullet district the people remove the roofs off their dwelling houses every year for the purpose of manuring their lands, as the thatch contains in the shape of soot the smoke from their peat fires for twelve months previously, and is used as manure for their potato and other crops.

WOULD BE ASSASSINS.

A night or two ago as Mr. Stephen J. Madden, brother to Mr. John J. Madden, deputy vice chairman of the board of Ballinasloe guardians, and a governor of the lunatic asylums, was driving home, two shots were fired at him from behind a hedge near Springfield, about 10 miles from Ballinasloe. No one has as yet been arrested. Mr. Madden escaped unhurt. Shots were fired into the house of a man named Brien, near Kilreach, in the same locality in which the shooting at Mr. Madden occurred. None of the family were injured. The police have made arrests in this case of two young men named Duane and Jennings, who have been remanded for further inquiry.

A FREE-FOR ALL.

A number of parties from the vicinity of Garradice, while returning from the Ballinamore races, fell to disputing, and freely fisticuffed one another. One man drew a revolver and fired two shots at the contending party, the bullets being lodged in the leg of a man named Quinn. The parties decamped on the appearance of the police, but four were pursued and arrested. The injured man was sent to Dublin, as the bullets were so deeply imbedded in the leg bone that they could not be extracted.

TESTIMONIALS.

Jasper Tully was presented with £300 as a testimonial by the people of Roscommon. The county Longford Nationalists have subscribed a special fund, which will be presented to Mr. Tully at a banquet to be held there after the county demonstration.

ONLY HALF ENOUGH OF POTATOES

At a conference of the clergy of Castlebar Deanery, resolutions were passed stating that the potato crop in the various parishes would only yield from one-half to two thirds the usual crop, and urging the necessity of instituting a system of reproductive works.

THREE MILITARY MEN GO DOWN.

Three soldiers were drowned in the the Shannon near Portumna recently.

MISCELLANEOUS

Rev. Fathers Brady and O'Dwyer, O. M. I., are preaching a mission in Claremorris.

A meeting was held in Woodford in support of the Tenant's Defense Fund. Mr. John Rocne, M. P., delivered an address.

A respectable farmer named Steward, from Carrigallen, attempted suicide by cutting his throat. He was arrested in the act before doing any serious injury. Medical examination proved him to be of unsound mind, and he was sent to an asylum.

The church of St. Mary, Carrick-on-Shannon, has been rebuilt at a cost of £15,000, by the Very Rev. Cannon Hoare, P. P., who is having a bazaar to defray a portion of the expense.

OBITUARY.

FATHER JOHN GROGAN.

The Rev. Father John Grogan, formerly pastor of St. Bridget's church, in this city, and more recently of St. Mary's, Lake Forest, died at St. Joseph's Hospital on Tuesday from a complication of diseases. Father Grogan was born in the county Mayo, Ireland, in 1829, and came to this country, with his parents, in boyhood. He entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Emmitsburg, Md. He successfully completed his course and was ordained in 1852. He came to Chicago soon after his ordination, and was appointed pastor of the church of St. Louis, situated near the corner of Polk and Sherman streets. After the fire, he was appointed to St. Bridget's. He retained that pastorate until eight years ago, when he was transferred to Lake Forest. His health, apparently, suffered by the change, but few anticipated that the end was so near. Father Grogan was a priest of the old school, and was noted for his impulsiveness of character. He was a very devoted minister of the Gospel, and a determined foe of every species of irreligion. Like his friend, the late Father John Waldron, he exercised personal supervision over the conduct of the younger members of his flock, and many a young man and woman in this city owe a debt of gratitude to Father Grogan for the kindly guardianship he exercised over them as their spiritual guide. In temper he was decidedly peppery, and many amusing stories have been told of his wordy encounters with the recalcitrant. Father Grogan was a very practical clergyman, and devoted his days in the priesthood mostly to works of education and charity. He made St. Bridget's one of the first parishes in the archdiocese. Having his pastorate he built a fine church, a modest parochial residence, and a commodious convent at a cost of $200,000, and left the parish free from debt at the time of his transfer. He introduced into his parish the system of training adopted by the French order of Christian Brothers, founded by the venerable Jean de LaSalle, and that system is now carried out on a larger scale at Feehanville. The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held on Thursday morning at the Cathedral. Requiem high mass was offered up, with the Rev. Father Fitzsimmons as celebrant; the Rev. Father McGuire, deacon, and the Rev. Father Muldoon subdeacon. The remains of Father Grogan were taken to Emmitsburg for interment, as he expressed a dying wish to that effect.

MR. MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Michael J. Sullivan, of the well-known decorating firm of J. B. Sullivan & Co., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, at his residence, No. 210 Webster avenue, last Tuesday morning. Mr. Sullivan was greatly affected by the death of his elder brother, James B., which occurred over a year ago, and grief, supplemented by overwork, gradually affected the mental organism of the deceased gentleman. The whole community was shocked when the tragical news was made public, because Mr. Sullivan was a universal favorite in this city, and, indeed, wherever he was known. He was a man of the most kindly disposition and of exceedingly pleasant manners. Up to within about two years he enjoyed perfect health. He was only 43 years old at the time of his lamentable death. The extensive business which he leaves behind him will now be conducted, in the interest of his family, by a younger brother. Mr. Sullivan was twice married. He leaves two children by his first, and six by his second wife. The latter are of tender years, and the deceased was a most devoted father and husband. Mr. Sullivan's business career was one of unbroken success. He and his brothers did most of the artistic decoration of the foremost buildings of this country, and their fame, in that particular line, spread even to Europe. In the prime of life, with every thing to live for, Michael J. Sullivan has passed away. His sad death is still another lesson to our overwrought business men, who do not allow themselves sufficient relaxation from severe mental labor. If Mr. Sullivan had been less absorbed in business pursuits he would have, doubtless, lived to a fine old age. His father died in Troy, N. Y., last year at the venerable age of 91. Everybody who knew Mr. Sullivan feels sincere sorrow for his premature taking off. The funeral occurred Friday morning, and was one of the largest witnessed in Chicago for years. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

MR JOHN R. O'CONNOR.

Mr. John R. O'Connor, one of the most widely known and respected citizens of the south-west portion of the city, died rather suddenly at his residence, No, 4213 South Halsted street, last Saturday. The funeral occurred on Monday morning, from the house to St. Gabriel's church, where solemn mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev Father Dorney, assisted by the Rev Fathers Hisben and Dunn. Father Dorney pronounced a touching and eloquent eulogy of the deceased. Mr. O'Connor was a prominent member of the St. Vincent de Paul society, and a large number of members of that excellent organization were present. The society sent a beautiful floral offering, and many exquisite pieces were contributed by Mr. O'Connor's sorrowing relatives, as well as by John J. Duffy, P. H Duggan and Dr. Blackburn. The pall bearers were: Ald. Thos. Gahan, Ald. Patrick Noonan and Messrs. M. McInerney, P. H. Duggan, Chas. Kotzenberg, A. R McKillop, M. Bracken, Edward Tilden, Daniel Gallagher and Andrew Lynch. The funeral was conducted personally by Mr. McInerney. The remains were interred at Calvary, the family plot. Mr. O'Connor leaves a widow and several children to mourn an irreparable loss.

MR. JOHN GAHAN.

Mr. John Gahan, brother of Ald. Thomas Gahan died recently after a brief illness. Mr. Gahan was very much respected by all who knew him. The funeral occurred from the residence to the church of the Visitation, Morgan and Fifty-third streets, and was largely attended. High mass of requiem was offered up, the Rev. Father Maguire being the celebrant. Mr. Gahan leaves a wife and several children, and the sympathy for their great loss was well expressed by the immense attendance of mourners at the funeral. The funeral procession, at the conclusion of the religious services, escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred in the family lot.

MR. JAMES D. M'AULEY

Mr. James D. McAuley, No. 3313 Calumet avenue, died, after a brief illness, at 6 o'clock Thursday morning. Mr. McAuley was a very popular young man, and his sudden death has cast a gloom over all who knew him. He was a prominent member and ex-treasurer of the Irish-American club of this city. THE CITIZEN of next week will give a more comprehensive notice of the lamented deceased.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT, by T. P. O'Connor, M. P., a book of 300 pages, given to any one who will forward $2 for one year's subscription to *Donahoe's Magazine*. Address Patrick Donahoe, 21 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody. One way to do it is to invigorate the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Being a highly concentrated blood medicine, it is the most powerful and economical. It is sold for a dollar a bottle, but worth five.

If the lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

William Lee, an engine driver, residing at Mulnuddart, was admitted to Richmond hospital, Dublin, suffering from a compound fracture of the thigh, and a compound fracture of the ankle joint. A man named George Martin was admitted to the same hospital suffering from fracture of both bones of the forearm, caused by the handle of a crane striking him while at work at the Midland Great Western Terminus at the North Wall. A man named Stephens, residing in Bride street, was brought to Jervis street hospital suffering from the result of a fall into the river at the custom house docks. He was under the influence of drink at the time. A lad named Smith, residing in Bolton street, was received into Jervis street hospital suffering from fracture of the skull, inflicted accidentally by a blow of a hatchet.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find anyone who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOV. 16.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

W. J.

SCANLAN,

In a Grand Scenic Revival of

MYLES AROON

Hear Scanlan's New Songs.

W. J. Scanlan, the graceful and smiling man, who sings with a charm all his own, will play his annual week's engagement—his only appearance in Chicago this season—on Sunday evening, Nov. 17, appearing in a grand scenic revival of Jessop and Townsend's picturesque Irish drama, "Myles Aroon," the play which made such a pronounced success when produced here last season. It tells a pretty love story, introduces typical Irish scenes and characters, and its dialogue, whenever the hero is cooing with the colleens, is filled with such blarney as any one can appreciate. Scanlan himself appears to be several degrees cleverer than heretofore. In his picturesque attire, and jaunty cap he is a romantic figure, and in his songs he is as sweet-voiced as an Irish minstrel ought to be. His character of Myles Aroon gives him ample opportunity to display all his graces, and that he does so delicately is the best praise that can be given him. Mr. Scanlan brings with him the same strong supporting company that shared his success last season, and will sing the following songs, written and composed by himself for this play: "You and I Love," "My Maggie," "Live, My Love, Oh! Live," "The Swing Song," and in the last act will introduce his widely known and always popular "Peek-a-Boo."

SUNDAY, NOV. 23, Thanksgiving Week, MR JAMES O'NEILL in "The Dead Heart."

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof. CLARA T. MARTIN and ELLEN R. MARTIN, Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

TWO JOURNEYS.

We bade a sad farewell to her
Who started out one day,
A sad faced little sufferer,
But seeming glad and gay.

She left our rugged sea lands here,
Where balmy breezes blow,
And sought new health, new life, new cheer,
Where summer's flowers grow.

A smile around her pale face played,
A light beamed in her eyes;
She seemed a heaven born angel, strayed
A while from out the skies.

We bade her God speed and farewell,
With trembling lip, and eye
O'erflowed with tears. Ah, who could tell
'Twas not our last good-by?

* * * * * * *

And now our darling has come home,
With us a while to bide,
And then once more prepare to roam
To shores afar, untried.

And now we speak in tones subdued,
And unchecked tears fast flow;
And forms in prayerful attitude
Are bent in sorrow low.

Once more her burdens she will take,
And go where angels lead;
A long, long journey she will make—
And now, once more, God speed.

—Yankee Blade.

ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

Flowers stood on the window sills; all sorts of pretty knick-knacks and feminine appointments brightened up young Mrs. Clifton's morning room, while over everything the soft autumn sunshine fell with enhancing touch.

The golden rays lingered longest in the chestnut braids which crowned the bride's shapely head, but they found no reflection in the face beneath; its beauty was clouded by a look of sorrowful perplexity. Elizabeth Clifton had been married just a month, and the first shadow had come over her happiness.

"I suppose it was some tiresome business that upset Henry so," she sighed, "for it was just after he had read his letters; it must have been the one he thrust into his pocket that had the bad news. But how completely his manner to me changed! I don't understand it. When I asked him if anything was the matter he actually mumbled something I couldn't make out, and then the clock struck, and we heard the whistle of the train; that provoking train! it always comes at the wrong time. But the worst of all was his not kissing me good-by! To be sure, he had done so once when he first got up from the breakfast table, thinking he wouldn't wait for the mail, and I know he was in a hurry when that whistle sounded, for it just gives him time to reach the station; but it wouldn't have taken a minute to say good-by again, and instead he rushed off without a word!"

By this time the young wife, in spite of herself, was crying quietly. But she was a brave girl, and did not give way any more than she could help. After a little she decided to go out and take a walk. She would probably have time before her mother-in-law had risen, and the fresh air might do her good. No, she would not sit and mope any longer; so, jumping up suddenly, Elizabeth carefully removed all traces of weeping, and put on her garden hat. She was about to step toward the door when a knock sounded thereat.

Looking hastily in the mirror to see whether any tear stains were visible on her face she opened the door as little as possible, that she might not be seen. Her mother-in-law's maid stood in the hall.

"Mrs. Clifton is ready to see you, ma'am, whenever you wish to come," the girl said respectfully.

"Very well, Jane; I will be there in a few moments." And giving another peep into the glass to be sure that her eyes were not red Elizabeth went to make her regular morning visit to the invalid.

The young couple had spent the first part of their honeymoon in a pleasant trip to Niagara, returning thence to pay a visit to the elder Mrs. Clifton in her pretty country home in one of the picturesque valleys of Pennsylvania.

The bride had never seen her husband's mother, and had rather dreaded the ordeal of making her acquaintance. She found her very charming, but was haunted by a secret fear that her admiration was not returned; she fancied that she was undergoing a critical scrutiny from the fond parent whose only child she had married. This morning Elizabeth particularly shrank from the interview, for she feared that her face was a telltale one. However, the visit must be gone through with; so, summoning all her courage, she boldly knocked at the door of her mother-in-law's sitting room, and was at once admitted.

"Good morning, my dear," said the elder Mrs. Clifton in a low, sweet voice, and the young lady knelt to receive her usual kiss.

The invalid pressed her pale thin lips against Elizabeth's soft rosy ones, and then, laying her hand gently on her daughter-in-law's shoulder, looked mildly but searchingly into the upturned face.

"How do you feel this morning, mother?" asked Elizabeth gently.

"Very well, thank you, for me. But how are you, my child? Didn't you sleep well last night? Your eyes look dull and heavy."

"I have a slight headache," answered the young wife, hoping thus to account for her clouded face. "How did you think Henry seemed when he stopped in to say good morning and good-by to you before he came into breakfast?" she continued, trying to speak carelessly.

"He looked very well—splendid," was the reply. "Didn't you think so, too?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Elizabeth hastily.

"It is too bad for you that he had to rush off to attend to that bothersome business of mine, leaving you alone, with nobody but a stupid old woman to keep you company; but never mind it; it won't take him more than a day or two, and the matter was very important—it involved considerable money. Besides," with a little laugh, "the honeymoon ended yesterday; you must come down out of Paradise."

"Don't trouble about that, I am not in the least lonely," answered Elizabeth, "and, as you say, the honeymoon is over."

But her heart sank within her at the ominous words. Was this what Henry's manner that morning meant?

"My dear," said the elder lady, closing the book which had been lying open on her lap and putting it on a wicker chair that stood close by, "I was only joking; I hope and pray that Henry's and your honeymoon will never be over. As long as you love each other you have a glimpse of Paradise."

There was silence for a few moments. Elizabeth seated herself in a rocking chair, took off her hat, which she had forgotten in her preoccupation, and began talking about indifferent matters.

At last, in obedience to her mother-in-law's suggestion and thankful to be released, young Mrs. Clifton started out for a walk. It would be better than staying in the house, trying to sew or read, and there was a shady wood near by where she could be undisturbed. It opened on the high road, but a fence kept out all intruders. As Elizabeth neared her destination she noticed that a tall tree outside the wood was bent and nearly uprooted, while the branches were almost denuded of the leaves which only two days before had glowed in all the red and gold glory of autumn. Then she remembered that it had stormed the previous day—one of those violent storms which sometimes come early and rob the forests of their foliage. With a shiver Elizabeth wondered if a chill had come over every one—was the winter indeed come?

Left alone in her quiet room the elder Mrs. Clifton leaned back in her armchair looking grave.

"Poor child! I wonder if they have had their first quarrel? Well, I suppose it must come some time. They will be all right by evening. I am sorry Henry was obliged to be gone all day; I wish I could help them," and she ended her soliloquy with a sorrowful shake of the head.

In the meantime Elizabeth did not get a chance to enter the wood; for, as she stopped by the bent tree, she glanced up the road and saw in the distance a party of ladies and gentlemen whom she fancied she recognized. They evidently knew her, for they waved their handkerchiefs, shouting and gesticulating frantically. As they came nearer she saw that they were the young people belonging to several families in the neighborhood, all of whom had called on her and at whose houses she had visited.

Elizabeth stood her ground.

"There is no use in retreating into the wood," she told herself; "they would only follow and hunt me up. I must submit."

She did so very unwillingly, however, for she did not feel in the least like seeing strangers; she consoled herself by thinking that they probably had some object in view and would soon go on their way. She was disappointed in this, for no sooner had greetings been exchanged than the foremost of the party—Miss Earle, a young lady to whom Elizabeth had taken quite a fancy and who was a favorite of Mrs. Clifton's—cried out:

"How lucky! We were just coming to the house after you. We had planned a picnic for today, but yesterday's storm has made the woods too damp, so we have decided to take a straw ride instead. You must come—it is great fun—and your husband, too; isn't he at home?"

"Mr. Clifton was called away today on business," answered Elizabeth, "and I'm afraid I can't leave mother for any length of time."

But the party would not accept this excuse. Mrs. Clifton the elder was used to being alone—they knew that, and she—young Mrs. Clifton—must be lonely, with her husband away.

Protestations were useless; so finally, seeing there was no way of escape, Elizabeth yielded gracefully, only stipulating that she must tell her mother-in-law where she was going. Two or three of the party wanted to go in her stead, but this she positively refused to allow. There was a farm a short distance up the road, where their conveyance awaited them, and Mrs. Clifton agreed to meet them there. Some of the people would have insisted on accompanying her; but, being possessed of quick intuition, and divining that the young bride was in no mood for company, Miss Earle dragged the whole party toward the meeting place, leaving Elizabeth to hurry home alone.

"If they have had a tiff she had better forget her misery in company, after she has had time to recover herself," was Miss Earle's wise reflection.

Young Mrs. Clifton informed her mother-in-law of the invitation, which she was of course urged to accept, said good-by, and went to her own room to make some changes in her toilet. She lingered over the process as long as possible, putting off the moment of joining the merry makers until she felt she must go. Then she started out at a very laggard pace.

Hardly had Elizabeth entered her room when her husband knocked at his mother's door.

"Why, Henry! you have got back very early," cried the invalid in surprise, when her son appeared in answer to her "Come in."

"Yes, Ormsby was away; I couldn't do anything. I shall have to go tomorrow," Mr. Clifton answered, as he stooped to kiss the face upturned to his. "If I hadn't known you expected me home this evening I would have remained all night."

This total ignoring of his wife startled Mrs. Clifton, and one look into her son's stern face strengthened her fears.

"Poor babies! they must not really quarrel," she thought, and then she spoke.

"Henry, my dear boy," she said gently, "if you and Elizabeth have had a disagreement find her at once and make it up. Don't let it go on, I beseech you."

"Mother, it is much worse than a disagreement. Has she said anything to you?" was the reply.

"Nothing, my son, and I do not wish to know; it is entirely between you two. I only beg you to do as I say."

There was silence for a moment or two, and then Henry asked gloomily:

"Where is Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Clifton explained her daughter-in-law's whereabouts, adding:

"If you go at once, Henry, you may be able to overtake her before she reaches the rest of the party." And she accompanied the words with a beseeching look.

An instant's hesitation, and with an abrupt good-by the young man left the room, while his mother leaned back with an air of relief.

"It will surely all come right now," she told herself.

Young Mrs. Clifton was just leaving the wood to set out on the high road toward the farm when she heard her name called in a voice she recognized at once as her husband's, though the tone was new to her ears. She waited until he came up to where she stood. Then, in a very ceremonious manner, he accounted for his unexpected appearance. In a tone equally cold Elizabeth informed him where she was going, pointing toward the farm house as she spoke.

Young Mr. Clifton had removed his hat and held it in his hand when addressing his wife; but a sudden cold gust of wind made him put it on again. After she had finished speaking he said gravely:

"Elizabeth, I have something to say to you. Will you give up this pleasure party, if I make your excuses to them, and listen to me for a few minutes?"

The idea of giving up this pleasure party struck young Mrs. Clifton with a sense of bitter absurdity. For a moment a spirit of defiance possessed her, and the answer "No" trembled on her lip. In that short space of time her life's happiness, perhaps, hung in the balance.

"I will wait here," Elizabeth said at last, and, lifting his hat very ceremoniously, her husband, with a formal "Thank you," walked rapidly up the road.

The minutes seemed like hours until he returned. Elizabeth stood motionless just where he had left her. He came quite close and looked keenly into her face.

"I have a letter here I would like you to read," he said, in horribly judicial tones; "but first let me explain how it came into my possession. If you will look at the address you will notice that the word 'Mrs.' is written very much like 'Mr.'—the 's' is hardly noticeable. Jane gave it to me this morning with my mail. I hastily broke it open without even glancing at the outside, not being a woman, and—perhaps you can explain the rest."

Elizabeth received the extended envelope mechanically, looked at the direction and then took out the inclosure—two sheets of closely writted note paper—looked at that and then up at her her husband.

"I have not read it all," he said, in a very quiet tone.

"Perhaps if you had you would have seen it was not for me," his wife answered, just as quietly.

Elizabeth felt only a terrible anger—all other feelings seemed in abeyance. She looked at the letter again, while her husband watched her in dull amazement. What did this mean? Was it guilt or innocence?

Suddenly it flashed over her what her husband must have felt when he saw the words of endearment on the page—"My own darling"—that must have stared at him the instant he unfolded the sheet.

"Henry," she began, lifting her clear eyes to his, "if you had shown me this before you went away"——

"I had not time," he hastily interrupted.

But she went on without heeding him: "It would have saved us both a very unhappy morning. I have been foolish, I knew that, and so I did not dare to tell you. Henry, that letter was intended for Cousin Kate Ashton. See, the signature is 'Edward St. Clair.' Don't you remember he was in love with her, but the family forbade an engagement, would not even permit a correspondence? In a moment of weakness I said he might address his letters to me, and then I would reinclose them to Kate. I have been sufficiently punished for my folly."

"Elizabeth, forgive me!" was all her husband could say, and for answer she smiled up at him through her tears.

Presently Henry told her how near he came to not showing her the letter.

"It was my dear mother who induced me to do it," he said, tenderly, and Elizabeth whispered: "Let us go to thank her; she need not know how foolish I have been."

"Dear, we will lock the secret of our folly in our own bosoms," Henry answered; "and perhaps we have learned a lesson we shall never forget, this one October morning."—Peterson's Magazine.

A New Explosive Carbonite.

The new explosive "carbonite" is giving satisfaction to coal miners. At a meeting of the South Wales Institute of Engineers Mr. W. Stewart stated that within his experience a ton of the material had been used without a sign of flame or sparking. It is a stable compound and can be stored without deterioration for any length of time. It is rendered comparatively safe by the fact that a detonator is required to explode it. If struck with a hammer or stone no danger need be apprehended. Carbonite is lighter than dynamite, is of a brownish color, and contains 25 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. Certain sulphureted hydro-carbons are added to moderate the susceptibility of the nitro-glycerine. —New York Telegram.

A Historic Chair.

During his visit to the Ottumwa, Ia., coal palace President Harrison sat in a chair in which the four first presidents of the United States and also President John Quincy Adams had sat during their terms of office. The relic is the property of a citizen of Keokuk and is over 200 years old.—St. Joseph News.

His One Error.

Jiggs—What's the matter with Snoope, anyhow?

Jaggs—Oh, nothing much—except that he seems to be convinced that he that sneaketh findeth.—Texas Siftings.

FIRE EATERS' TRICKS.

HOW THE SALAMBOS PERFORM THEIR WONDERFUL FEATS.

Very Easy After You Know the Way It Is Done—The Mouth and Skin Are Protected by a Solution of Sulphur and Alum—Gas Is Generated from Gasoline.

Among the various methods of earning your bread by the sweat of your brow, fire eating is one that would seem but few people would adopt as a means of livelihood. But for years and years people with cast iron palates and brazen plated lips and tongues have exhibited their peculiar abilities for a stipend. At the present time in this country there are a half dozen men and women who go about from dime museum to variety hall and from variety hall to a "store show" and astonish the natives. All these people do seemingly the most wonderful things, and as the business is difficult to learn their numbers are limited.

The present corps of fiery entertainers have, however, been lately augmented by a brother and sister, whose ability in that line puts everything in the shade ever seen here. They are known on the bills as Earle and Ollie Salambo, and are further dignified for show purposes as the "Human Electrical Dynameters." The Salambos touch each other with their fingers and produce sparks: they open their mouths and a stream of flame two feet long issues from them if they but touch their lips with the ends of their fingers: they swallow boiling wax and blow sparks—showers of sparks—from the end of a hollow glass tube; they take a gas pipe with four gas jets on it, and by the simple process of putting an end in the mouth and drawing their hands across the gas jets four good sized flames burst into brilliancy.

HOW THE TRICKS ARE DONE.

It was only steady practice and constant coating of their mouths and hands and soles of their feet with a solution, and the business was comparatively easy and they really did not swallow anything at all. Each performer has his own recipe for the solution he drinks and rinses his mouth and hands with, but the principal ingredients of it in each case remain the same. When the mouth is rinsed out in that it forms a sort of an artificial skin or film that it takes a little while to destroy, and as long as that coating remains there is absolutely no danger, and the rest of their wonderful tricks are nothing but a delusion and in most cases sleight of hand.

There is one performer who is known in museum circles as the "Human Lamp," and he makes lots of money by doing this act. He drinks some kerosene oil in view of the audience, puts a wick in his mouth, lights the wick with a match, puts a lamp chimney over the flame and burns merrily away. On his stand is a lamp half filled with oil. From the can he pours what purports to be oil in the lamp. It is not. It is water, and, of course, the oil already in the lamp floats on top of the water; then he lights the oil to prove what he poured out was oil. He gravely drinks from the oil can, puts a wick saturated with sweet oil in his mouth, lights the wick, and there you are. Very simple, is it not?

Now there is another gentleman who walks on red hot bars, and seizing a horse shoe heated red hot in a forge near by bites the heated ends off and pretends to swallow them. He is not so much of a trickster as the "Human Lamp," and really earns all the money he gets, for although his bare feet are coated with a sulphuric solution and his mouth and lips well plastered with the same, it is real hard work to bite pieces of iron in halves, even if the heat makes them soft and pliable, and if they are kept in the mouth too long, in spite of the film, they are very hot and uncomfortable indeed. This gentleman calls himself St. Elmo, and another part of his performance is to take oakum balls, saturated with blazing pitch, in his mouth, a half dozen in succession.

THE HUMAN GAS WELL.

And that trick gets more applause than the biting of the horseshoe, but it is very easy of accomplishment, because the minute you put fire in a place where there is no air it immediately goes out, and so the instant St. Elmo closes his mouth the fire is quenched in the blazing ball, and all there is about it is the disagreeable taste of the oakum ball and a little warmth, which may not be pleasant, but can be borne for $50 a week.

Another trick of the fire eaters is to take a piece of cotton and put it in their mouths, and then open their mouths and blow smoke and streams of fire out. Every child, or almost every child, knows that if you put a spark in the center of a ball of cotton and blow through it the fire will eat all the center out, leaving the mere shell.

There is a companion performer to the "Human Lamp," known sometimes as "Natural Gas," or the "Human Gas Well." He gets more money than the man who drinks water for oil, and deserves to. What he does is precisely the basis of all the work done by the Salambos. Instead of eating cotton and pitch and wax when heated, he coats his mouth with his own private solution and unseen stoops down and picks up a round worsted ball saturated with gasoline. Now, gasoline is very volatile, and when mixed with air forms a vapor that is easily ignited and gives a very fierce and blue flame.

A gasoline ball held in the mouth and blown steadily through, the vapor goes through the gas tube and is ignited, and that's all there is to the "Human Gas Well." The lecturer of the museum where he works generally vividly describes where he was born and how his parents could not keep him from eating the dirt in the natural gas fields of Ohio, and other interesting fabrications.—New York Herald.

The Retort Courteous.

Tangle—Do you know how it feels to be kicked by a mule?

Bronson—No, and I hope you don't want to show me.—Epoch.

The National Hymn as Rearranged for the World's Fair.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

My Country: 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died;
Land where our Mothers cried,
Over the wash-tub tied
Let freedom ring.
My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy tucks and frills
But oh: what laundry bills;
My soul with horror thrills;
When I think of thee.
Let music swell the breeze,
And blow through all the trees
Hail SANTA CLAUS:
Let tired mortals wake
And gladly try a cake,
Let all for cleanness sake,
Join the applause.

N.K. FAIRBANK & Co. CHICAGO. MAKERS FOR ALL NATIONS.

GREAT GRANITE GORGE.

A Vivid Picture of the Scenery Along the Banks of the Colorado.

The great Granite Gorge is about forty miles in length. That portion from its head to the Bright Angel creek, some fifteen miles, is narrow, dark and gloomy. It stands at the upper gateway of the great canyon as if by its very frown to keep back the intruder, and guard from vulgar eyes and sordid greed the grandeur, the beauty and hidden treasure of the lower canyon. At the Bright Angel creek everthing changes—the granite slopes are flatter, they are of a softer black granite, cut into sharp pinnacles and crags, and seem more as if formed of very coarsely stratified slate.

The canyon grows more and more picturesque and beautiful the farther we proceed. The granite has lost its awful and threatening look, and slopes back in beautiful hillsides of variegated black, gray and green.

At the side canyons, and from the bends of the river, the upper portions of the whole gorge are brought into view, showing the great marble and sandstone cliffs, benched back far away from the river, while mountains jut in close between the side canyons and washes nearly a mile and a quarter in height. As we look down the river, or up a low side canyon, with the placid water between its polished walls of black and gray and green for a foreground, there rise above the dark sandstone, tier upon tier, bench upon bench, terrace upon terrace, stepping back farther and farther, and higher and higher, and in immensity of height and proportion seeming to tower almost over our heads. First above the dark sandstone come the flattened slopes of the lime and mineralized matter, in horizontal layers of yellow, brown, white, red and green.

Then rise sheer walls of stained marble 1,000 feet or more, the lower portions yellow, brown and red, the coloring of red growing brighter as it nears the top. Above this smaller benches of marble, at the top of each a little mesa covered with green bunch grass and bushes, and above these a dozen or more terraces of scarlet and flame colored sandstone, stained on their outer points with black, and the little benches between them relieved by the bright green of the grease wood and bunch grass, the whole crowned with perhaps a couple of thousand feet of the lighter gray, yellow and white sandstone ledges, capped by pinnacles and spires, turrets and domes, in every imaginable shape, size and proportion.—R. B. Stanton in Scribner's.

Names.

There is a certain amount of satisfaction perhaps in giving a whimsical name to a pet animal, but such names often require so much explanation that they become a burden. A Boston lady lately related this little story of her cat:

"We had a kitten who had a marvelous talent for escaping from all kinds of perils. He was shut up in an oven by a heedless servant and left there over night, but although it seemed that he must be baked to a crisp, he came out in the morning none the worse for the fiery ordeal.

"He was run over by a railroad train, but crouched close to the ground and escaped injury. He received a charge of bird shot one day while he was himself hunting birds in the woods, but we picked out as many of the shot as we could, and he began at once to recover and soon was all right again.

"Finally he was put into a bag with a stone and thrown into a river, but he managed to find a small hole in one corner of the bag, and enlarged it so that he was able to get out. Then he swam ashore and came home.

"In view of these marvelous escapes we decided to keep the cat, and gave him the name of Plutarch, because he had so many lives."

The name was a happy one, and yet, as the story of Plutarch's adventures had to be told each time his name was mentioned to a new acquaintance, his owners wished at last that they had named him plain Tom or Dick.

Similar explanations were necessary on the part of the man who named his two canaries Wheeler and Wilson, "because neither was a Singer."—Youth's Companion.

Great Range in Price of China.

In English ware the Doulton ranges in price from $10 for a set of 125 pieces to $125 for one dozen plates. There is a difference in the quality of the ware as well as in the decoration. The cheaper sets, from $10 to $30 each, are porcelain; the finer and more expensive are china. The porcelain is decorated by stamping or painting the colors on, and little or no gold is used. All the fine English and French chinas show a great deal of dull or burnished gold in the decoration. It wears better than bright gold and has a softer effect. All the gold used for this purpose is fourteen or sixteen carat, and its cost is a heavy item in the price of the ware.

Minton china, also English, is very beautiful. Sixty-five dollars will buy one dozen handsome plates. Royal Worcester is so expensive that only the favored few can possess it.

To those who cannot pay fancy prices, perhaps the Doulton offers greater possibilities, as much of it is what the dealers call open stock and the entire set need not be purchased. Dessert and luncheon plates, decorated in blue and gold and of different designs, are $11 a dozen.—New York Telegram.

Baking by Electricity.

Bakers are now using the electric motor as a bread mixer, and are thus enabled to do in four or five minutes an amount of work that would otherwise require hours of hand labor. A writer in a medical paper says he had frequently obtained much relief from facial neuralgia by applying an incandescent light to the part affected. He suggested that the lamp could also be used in poulticing advantageously. It could be laid over a flaxseed or other form of poultice, and constant heat could be thus secured.

Safety Indicator for Elevators.

The frequency of mishaps to elevators has drawn attention to the necessity of adopting reliable devices for insuring the safety of passengers. In addition to the many patents which have been taken out with this object in view, a device has just been brought out whereby the condition of the automatic safety attachments to a passenger or freight elevator will be audibly manifested at every reciprocal movement of the elevator car. The elevator is fitted with a system of levers, and a spring for controlling them or releasing them when they are required to engage the teeth of the racks running at the side of the elevator shaft, and thus instantly stop the car.

To prevent accident from an inoperative or defective spring an alarm or signal bell is provided, and each time the supporting cable is slackened from any cause the bell is sounded. Should the bell fail to ring on the car reaching the bottom of the shaft, the absence of the signal would be an indication of a defect calling for immediate attention.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Quite Sufficient.

Different persons have different ideas as to the best way of giving enjoyment to their guests; but there is one form of entertainment which was for some years very popular, but is now somewhat out of vogue. This is the taking of guests to cemeteries, which, while often beautiful, and in a way full of interest, are liable to inspire melancholy thoughts and sad memories.

A young girl who had been paying several visits in an eastern city at last came to the house of a friend of her mother's, who had a daughter about the age of the guest.

"Now, if to-morrow's a pleasant day, we'll take a drive in the afternoon," said the young hostess the first evening; "is there any particular place to which you'd like to go?"

"No, I think not," replied the guest. "At least," she added truthfully, "I should like to go anywhere except to the cemetery. I don't care about going there again, as I have been driven there five times already."—Youth's Companion.

Private Schooling in New York.

It costs on an average $600 for forty weeks' schooling in the fashionable girls' boarding school of New York, the extras for washing, baths, medical attendance, calesthenics, lectures on art, ethics and the society fads, and the indispensable seat at the opera, concert, drama and church amounting to $300. Special instruction in music, dancing and the language is a separate and distinct business arrangement with the professor. Day boarders pay $300, but there are extras for fires and lectures amounting to about $60 a year.—Exchange.

The Perils of Democracy.

Uncle Giles (a pessimist)—This country is drifting into monarchism, sir!

Frank—How's that, uncle?

Uncle Giles—Why, all the men are aping the Prince of Wales, and all the women are becoming King's Daughters! —Munsey's Weekly.

The vulture is 100 times as large as the swallow, but its wings are only fifteen times as large. The Australian crane weighs 8,000,000 times as much as the common gnat, yet the latter has 150 times as much wing surface per unit of weight.

MR. WILSON'S TWO COLUMNS.

A Frightful Railroad Accident, and a Shadowy Form Brings the News.

"Mr. Wilson, how soon can you get ready to start for H——, Illinois?"

"In an hour, sir."

This conversation took place in the office of The New York Chronicle one morning as the men on the staff came to receive their assignments. If the city editor had asked Wilson how soon he could get ready to start for Alaska he would have received precisely the same reply.

Edward Wilson hurried off to his rooms, and hastily packing a few necessaries in a valise reported back at the office in exactly an hour.

"He was a paragon of a reporter," you will say, "this Wilson." But he was merely an ordinary city staff reporter, who, like thousands of others on the big dailies of America, stand ready at an hour's notice to start for any part of the world.

"This Illinois story will bring two columns, even if I'm recalled immediately," he mused, as he rattled up to the Grand Central station in a hansom; "two columns will bring my bank account up to $100, and $100 will bring the wife and little one to New York." Wilson thought with delight how happy they would be in his comfortable little Lexington avenue flat. It was a pleasant little day dream.

In fifteen minutes the Buffalo express, bearing the newspaper man to his destination, rushed snorting out of the Harlem tunnel like another earth bound Thor rejoicing at his freedom. Past the end of Manhattan Island, past Riverdale, Yonkers and all the lovely northern suburbs of the city, along the rolling Hudson, past the muddy Mohawk, then as night fell screaming past the little hamlets sleeping under the hills of central New York, and on, on, on, to the great lakes.

There was nothing in the car to interest Wilson, and as the sun sank behind the ripening wheat fields he dozed fitfully, and waking would sleep again, waking and sleeping by fitful starts and wondering what it was that kept him in a vague but all the more fearful terror. Finally he slept, and it was while he dreamed that a terrible accident happened. The trestle bridge over a swollen creek, weakened by the rush of waters, had given way under the advancing train and 900 people were hurled into the creek.

* * * * * * *

Three or four men hurriedly furnishing late "copy." A dozing office boy waking every few minutes to glance at the clock and long for 2 o'clock and freedom. The night desks littered with proof slips and "held over copy." No sound but the operator ticking "good night" to his far off brothers and an occasional shout of "Copy!" from the desk.

A tall figure in a caped overcoat and traveling cap enters the room, and silently walking up to the night desk lays some "copy" before the editor. The men in the office bending over their work do not see him pass; but the office boy, brushing his hat, yawns "Good morning, Mr. Wilson," but the form goes straight on.

"Can't use this, Mr. Wilson," says the editor, looking at the clock. "Why, it's 1:50. The paper's going to press. What is it anyway?"

"Yes, by George, we will run it," he continues excitedly. "Jim, stop the presses."

Then to the operator, "Have you an accident on the New York and Buffalo yet?"

"No, sir."

"How did you get it, Wilson?"

But the form had gone.

"My God! listen to this," says the sub-editor. "The accident must have occurred at 1:50 exactly. Among the dead was Edward Wilson, a reporter on The New York Morning Chronicle. What was it then that brought this 'copy' in?"

"I don't know," replied the editor in a hushed voice. "Send the story up just as it is. It runs exactly two columns."—New York Tribune.

The Futility of Uniform Divorce Laws.

The cry has been for several years for United States interference in divorce legislation by means of uniform marriage laws throughout the country, the assumption being that people troop back and forth from one state to another and get divorces for causes which would not be sufficient in their own states. But all this has been effectually disposed of by the recent masterly report of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor. He has shown that more than 80 per cent. of all divorces are procured in the states in which the couples were married. As regards the remaining 20 per cent. the parties, in very many instances, had immigrated to other states after marriage and become bonafide residents, with no thought of divorce. So that the number of those proved to have gone to other states for the purpose of securing divorces is probably much less than 10 per cent. of the whole. It is apparent then that uniform laws can no longer be relied upon as a panacea.—Rev. M. J. Lochs in Forum.

Eagles in Massachusetts.

The American eagle is still a resident of Berkshire. A fine specimen is often seen sitting on a stump in the reservoir, waiting for fish. It is probable that the eagle's home is somewhere on the cliffs of the rocky hill west of the reservoir. Frequent are the visits of these birds to the reservoir that regular travelers on the trains watch for them, and feel a disappointment if the white head and noble form of the American bird is not seen on some stump.—Pittsfield (Mass.) Eagle.

The rolling of cold steel wire is now accomplished with ease, and instead of the wire becoming weakened by the process practical tests have demonstrated that its tensile strength is nearly doubled. In other words, the tensile strength of hot drawn steel wire is 56,460 pounds to the square inch, while that of cold rolled steel wire is 105,800 pounds.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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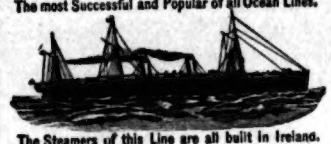

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Bynon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P F Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Morea, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3833 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor ner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Boger C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 Adams st; M O'Kane, F S; J B Shiv Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 4943 and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somo Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNam S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan F C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Olow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tally, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Lawlis, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elisabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 609 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 235 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 885 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Budson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 616 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Krumbholt, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet and 3rd Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Driscoll, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B La[illegible], R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R, Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; Maurice, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Lasalle, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesky, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 268 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneaux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Washington Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J [illegible], R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Da[illegible]. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, [illegible]rst; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter [illegible]. J McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Orenia, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forrest st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. F. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3235 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 629 S Halsted-st; P. F. Badigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2101 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Fredl, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 602 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 373 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hobson, 356 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Reily. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V. P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John McHerna, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1088 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3330 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
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Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
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1867. 1890.

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Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago,

AT CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22.

Hon. M. J. KEANE will preside. HON. C. D. O'BRIEN, ex-Mayor of St. Paul, Minn., and HON. M. P. BRADY, of Chicago, will deliver addresses. The Musical Programme is expected to surpass anything heretofore presented at these patriotic celebrations.

TICKETS, - - - 50 CENTS.

A LITTLE ISLAND COLONY.

Fifty White Folks Who Live on a Lofty Rock Just Big Enough for Them.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens others are out fishing. A great many edible fish are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor.

They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities. They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the 3,220 acres of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel more than a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies, and they purchase with their corpa and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read of all that has happened in the busy world since they last heard of it.—New York Sun.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

John Watson, of Pennsylvania, desired a wife, and went to the barge office in New York to find her. He discovered a pretty immigrant girl, and at once proposed marriage, but she declined to accept him unless he would also find a husband for the girl who accompanied her. As Watson had not a full line of husbands in stock he was compelled to look elsewhere.—Detroit Free Press.

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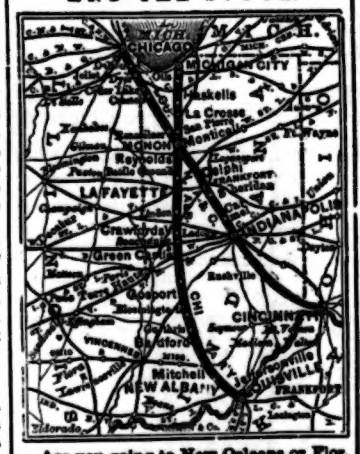

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35 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
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A Good Japan, per lb	25 cents
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2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
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3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	19c	2.25
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 80
2-lb cans Princess SugarCorn	9c	97
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. October Term, A. D. 1890. Clara B. Meader vs Nelson L. Meader. In Chancery. No. 85,336.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson L. Meader that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1890, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. November Term, 1890. To Jay C. Newman and to all whom it may concern:

Take Notice that Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman have filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman, or some other fit person, as conservators of Jay C. Newman, as insane or distracted person; the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the November term, A. D. 1890, on Monday, the 17th day of November A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.
Chicago, October 13, 1890.
Wing, Stough, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioners.

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F. BORNHORST.

St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888

A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.

Bern. Elskamp, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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